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COLLEGE
N. Y.

# *Will You Spend Less Than A Dime A Day To End Your Wife's Most Disagreeable Task?*

# Hotpoint Automatic Dishwasher

**Saves More Time And Work Than All Other Kitchen Appliances Combined!**

Now—escape dishpan drudgery *forever*—for less than 10c a day more than doing dishes by hand! That's all it costs to own *and* operate a Hotpoint Automatic Dishwasher. ● ● **America's first choice,** only Hotpoint *double* washes, *double* rinses and electrically dries up to 62 dishes, glasses and utensils, plus flat silver, at one time! See it at your nearest Hotpoint dealer's. Hotpoint Inc. (*A General Electric Affiliate*), 5600 W. Taylor St., Chicago 44.

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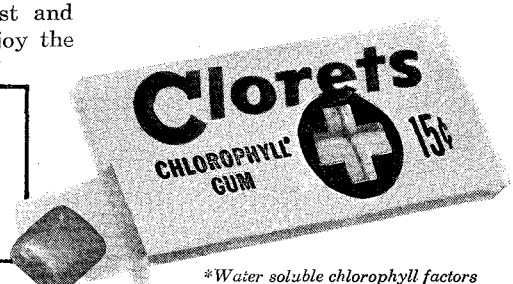
**Delicious new chewing gum, rich in chlorophyll*, banishes breath odors from such causes as Onions, Garlic, Smoking, Alcohol**

Millions find CLORETS the most effective enemy of bad breath. And the tastiest! Science combines in CLORETS, delicious chewing gum with chlorophyll, the amazing green purifier.

CLORETS is the pleasantest and most convenient way to enjoy the truly astounding benefits of chlorophyll. For all you need do is chew CLORETS and in seconds your breath becomes "Kissing Sweet" even after *smoking*, *drinking* or *eating onions*.

**MAKE THIS BREATH TEST**

*Eat onions. Chew* CLORETS. *Hear your best friend say: "Your breath is Kissing Sweet."*




**Water soluble chlorophyll factors*



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# It's Time You Took a Holiday...

## with the New ZENITH "HOLIDAY" PORTABLE

You have fun at your fingertips—gaiety and music wherever you go—when you take along the new Zenith "Holiday" Portable.

This newest of portables pulls in distant stations with Zenith Long-Distance® reception where other radios fail. Amazing tone and selectivity! It's the smartest portable you've ever seen. Designed for convenience with "Topside Tuning" and "Pick-Me-Up" handle. In Maroon, Black or Grey plastic.

See it today—hear it play—and you'll want to own the new "Holiday" Portable by Zenith, the world leader in portable radios.

**AC-DC—Battery Operation**

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ZENITH "LONG DISTANCE" RADIO and TELEVISION

THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois • *Backed by 33 Years of "Know-How" in Radionics® Exclusively Also Makers of Zenith "Royal" and "Super Royal" Hearing Aids, compact, beautifully designed. Money back guarantee. Sold only through authorized dealers at $75.*



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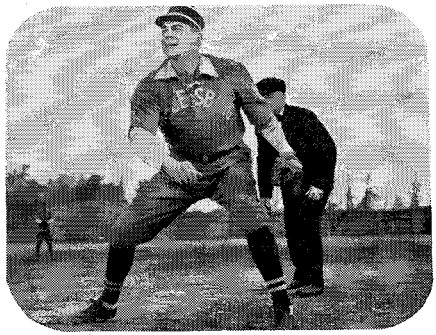
# Coronet *Recommends . . .*



## THE WINNING TEAM

ON A FALL DAY in 1926, with the U. S. gripped by World Series fever, a shuffling figure moved out of the Yankee Stadium bullpen. It was old Grover Alexander, whose heart-warming comeback to the baseball wars had suddenly boiled down to whether he could protect a one-run lead. It is history that Alex struck out his man, but the whole vivid story lives again in Warner Brothers' re-creation of the great pitcher's life and times.

## OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT

BRET HARTE's minor classic of the Gold Rush days has become a top-notch movie. A little band of men and women is driven from the mining town of Poker Flat into the gales of the Northwest. Their battle against the elements becomes a struggle for survival when a bank-robbing killer overtakes them. With a cast that includes Dale Robertson, Anne Baxter, and Miriam Hopkins, this 20th Century-Fox motion picture is a study in suspense.

## CLASH BY NIGHT

IN THIS STORY of a restless woman and the man she married (*Paul Douglas*), Wald and Krasna have produced a fine, honest movie for R-K-O-Radio. When the life Mae Doyle longs for is promised by another man, she makes a momentous decision. This is a film that rings true: its people are recognizable, their plights are real. At Academy Award time, it will be hard to overlook Barbara Stanwyck for her portrayal of Mae.



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# FAST RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN

## WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST!

TUMS

- **AFTER BREAKFAST**

  Does acid indigestion come after your juice and coffee? Eat a couple of Tums. See how Tums sweeten stomach almost instantly. You feel better fast. Keep Tums handy always.

- **AFTER LUNCH**

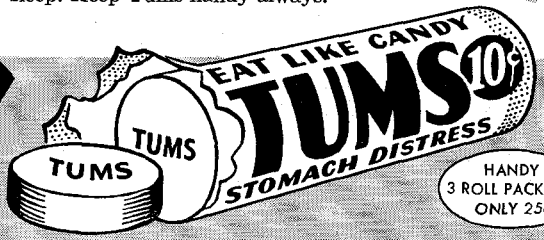
  If nervousness, pressure of business or bolting your lunch cause acid indigestion, let Tums handle the situation. Tums relieve distress of acid indigestion almost instantly. Keep Tums handy always.

- **AFTER DINNER**

  When you've eaten too much or too rich foods, don't worry about acid indigestion. Tums are made to relieve such distress and discomfort. Tums make you feel better in a jiffy. Keep Tums handy always.

- **AT BEDTIME**

  Don't let acid indigestion keep you tossing and pitching. Eat a couple of Tums. Tums soothe and settle jittery stomach. And the sleep that follows Tums is sound, *natural* sleep. Keep Tums handy always.




**FOR THE TUMMY**

**GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO SODA**

✓ TRY ONE OR TWO TUMS AFTER BREAKFAST—SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER



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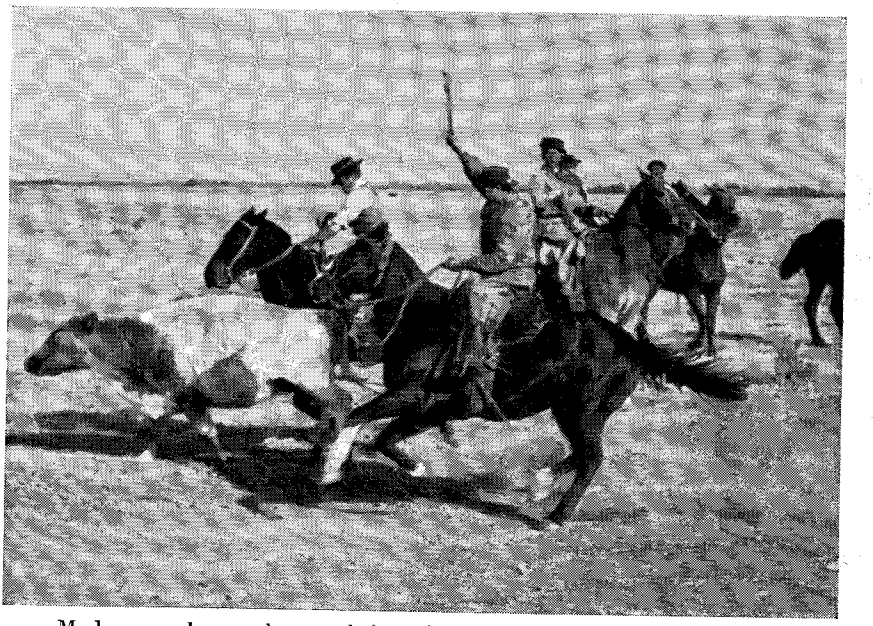

Modern gauchos work a ranch for a few months, saddle up, and ride on.

# Riders of the Pampas

THE GAUCHO, they say, is fast fading from the pampas. Once, riding like the wind across the rolling Argentine plain, his cape flowing behind him, he helped to transform scattered ranches into the vast, sprawling *estancias* that have made Argentina one of the world's major cattle lands. Now, modern ranching methods are replacing the old-fashioned bolas and the branding iron.

And yet, the gaucho himself remains, the one irreplaceable cog in the cattle-raising operation, a last link between yesterday and today. Times may change, and the horse may give way to the jeep some day. But the spirit of the hardy, hard-riding men who built a cattle empire on the pampas lives on. And across the world, an Argentine cowboy will always be known as a gaucho.

A horse still rides the pampas best.



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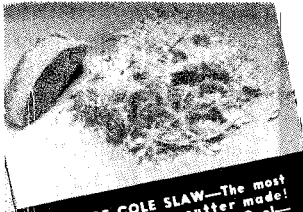

CABBAGE COLE SLAW—The most perfect cabbage cutter made! Salad for 8 in 30 seconds! Cool—crisp—lacy Cole Slaw. Only with the Saladmaster can you cut cabbage like this!

GOLDEN BROWN POTATO CHIPS Perfectly cut—no peeling—no fuss—cuts one gallon per minute . . . all you can eat for less than a dime!

TOSSED SALAD for 8 in 60 seconds! Every bit perfectly cut.

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED FOR 10 YEARS

# Saladmaster

## Performs Miracles with Foods

★ SHREDS ★ PEELS ★ CHOPS ★ WAFFLES ★ SLICES
★ CRUMBS ★ STRINGS ★ GRATES ★ FRENCH FRIES

## Now in Use *Internationally*

**NOT SOLD IN STORES**

Truly the wonder machine. Amazingly easy to use. Prepares foods dozens and dozens of NEW ways. Saladmaster does all kinds of *SHREDDING . . . CHOPPING . . . GRATING . . . SLICING . . .* and *STRINGING* jobs far better and easier than can possibly be done with a knife or the old-fashioned hand grater.

With Saladmaster you can ACTUALLY SAVE MORE THAN IT COSTS THE FIRST YEAR YOU USE IT, in addition to the all-important vitamins and minerals that lie just underneath the skin of fruits and vegetables. Blades of rust-proof, stainless, solid steel. Completely chrome-plated. Looks like a jewel. Easy to clean. Complete with five cutting cones, recipes and instructions. ***ONLY $29.95**** in continental United States. Canada and Hawaii, $34.95; Mexico, 360 pesos.

Hundreds of thousands now in use all over the world. SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY.

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***Attention*—DIRECT SALESMEN!** We have a few openings for Regional Managers, District Managers, and for 200 Area Supervisors. These are REAL OPPORTUNITIES for ambitious men—WHO WANT TO MAKE BIG MONEY! If you have experience as a Field Dealer, Area Supervisor, or District Manager in Cookware, Silver or Vacuum Cleaners, WRITE TO BETTER ABOUT YOURSELF. See our advertisement in JUNE issues of Opportunity and Specialty Salesman magazines on newsstands now.

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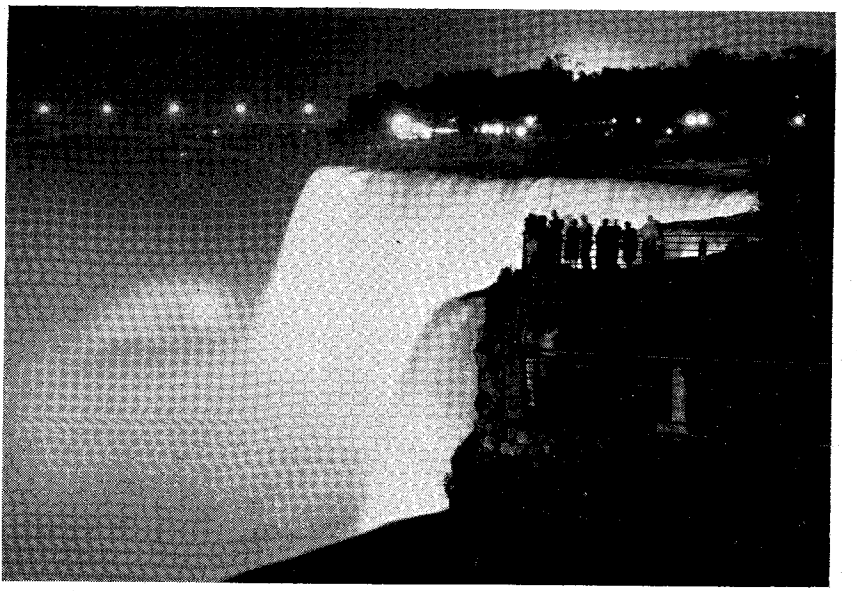
# Going Away on a Honeymoon?



**Niagara Falls:** For over a century, America's favorite honeymoon haven has been this spectacular site on the Niagara River. The lures: a breath-taking panorama, splendid hotels, and the Peace Bridge that opens Canada to U. S. visitors.

**Williamsburg:** Yesterday's solitude pervades this historic Virginia city. Restored to the tempo of Colonial times, it is ideal for a happy honeymoon.

**West Indies:** The romance and beauty of the Islands beckon more and more newlyweds. By clipper, the Bahamas are less than an hour from Miami.



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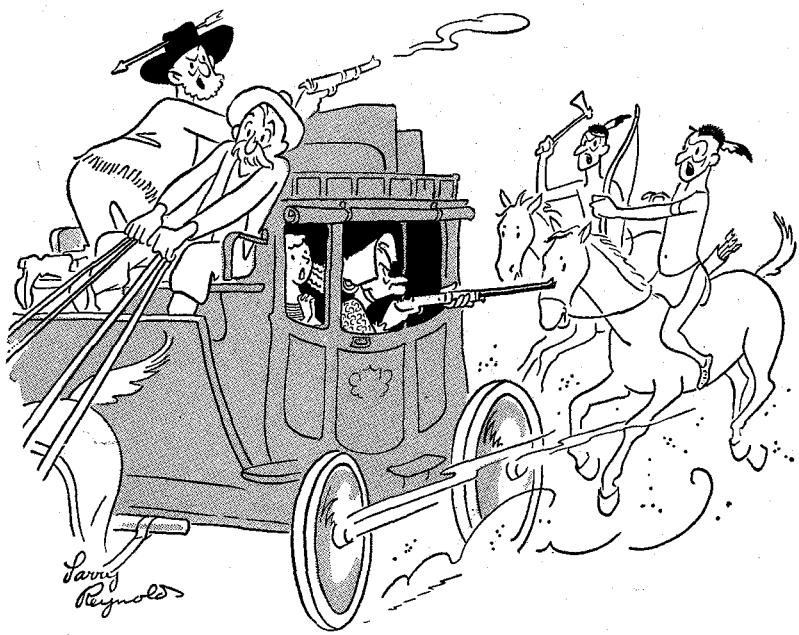


*"This is no way to protect money—let's go back and change it into American Express Travelers Cheques."*

**Watch your wampum** — protect your travel cash with American Express Travelers Cheques. They're 100% safe—if they're lost or stolen you get a quick refund. There's no substitute for them because they're the *best-known,* most widely accepted cheques in the world—spendable as cash *everywhere!*

**Insist on American Express Travelers Cheques at any Bank** — also principal Western Union, Railway Express offices. Only 75¢ per $100.

*100% SAFE — EASIEST TO CASH*

**AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES**

*EXPRESS YOUR PREFERENCE FOR THE BEST!*



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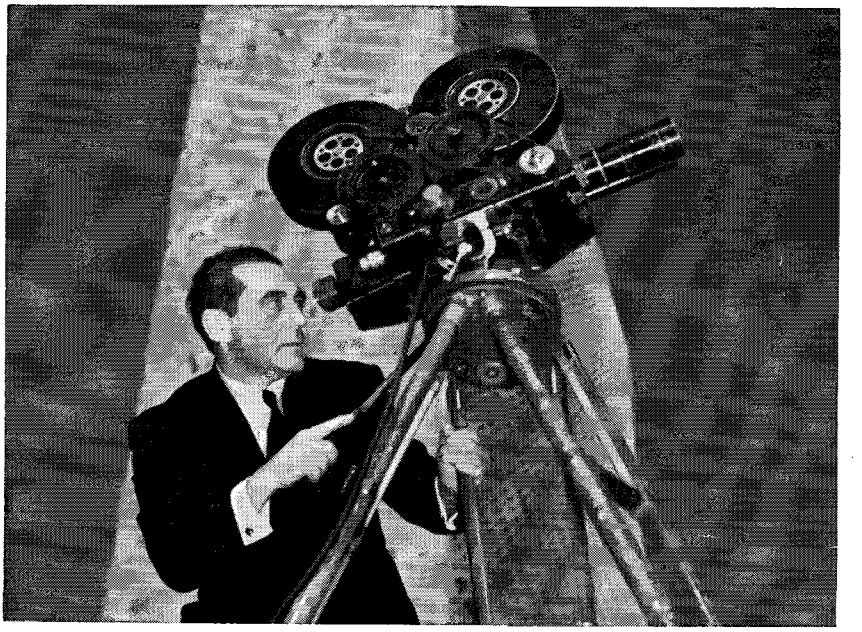

# Who Is He?

THE MAN WHO has appeared on our movie screens more than any other is not an actor. You'd probably recognize him in an instant, but the odds are a thousand to one that you could never name him. He is Douglas Dupont, the man behind the Paramount newsreel camera. Millions of movie-goers have watched him swing those twin lenses toward them since he and the slogan, "The Eyes and Ears of the World," became the reel's symbol in 1937.

This assignment, merely an addition to Dupont's other duties as a working cameraman, is tame compared to some he has covered. In 1931, Dupont and his camera were perched atop a car recording a hot gun battle between "Two-Gun" Crowley and a small army of detectives. Crowley, cornered in an upstairs apartment, must have mistaken Dupont's camera lens for a gun, since at regular intervals he threw a bullet or two past Dupont's head.

Despite this and other photographic achievements, Dupont seems destined to be remembered only as the movie's Man Behind the Camera. He used to receive at least a letter a day asking him to get somebody in pictures. Marriage proposals are still sent to him by women who have seen him only on the screen. A group of Vassar girls—who didn't even know his name—once elected him their pin-up boy, and radio quizmasters have baffled many a contestant with the question: "Who is the Man Behind the Camera?"

From the viewpoint of his competition, however, Dupont's popularity may not be so surprising. His rivals? A rooster (Warner Pathé) and a lion (M-G-M).



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# 'specially for You!..

## No matter what your Weight or Build, there's a Spring-Air Just Right for you

Whether you sleep alone or two-in-a-bed, whether you're tall, short, stout or thin, Spring-Air provides *individual* sleep comfort through a range of mattress models of different support-values and sizes to properly "fit" each and every person. Now you can buy a mattress with the same confidence that you purchase shoes for comfort or eye-glasses for better vision. Now you can get the very model that fits your own weight and build...your assurance of more rest from every sleeping hour!

**SPRING-AIR CO. • HOLLAND, MICH.**

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*Free Guide...*

**FORMULA FOR BETTER SLEEP**

See your Spring-Air dealer, or write direct. Tells how to select the mattresses and box springs best suited to *you and your family*... how Spring-Air's exclusive *zoned-comfort* innerspring construction provides better sleep through gentle surface comfort and proper body support. Address Department 624.

Spring Air MATTRESSES

USED IN OVER 4000 FINE HOTELS, MOTELS, HOSPITALS... OVER 2,000,000 HOMES

**BE RIGHT...REST RIGHT...WAKE UP FRESH AS SPRING AIR**



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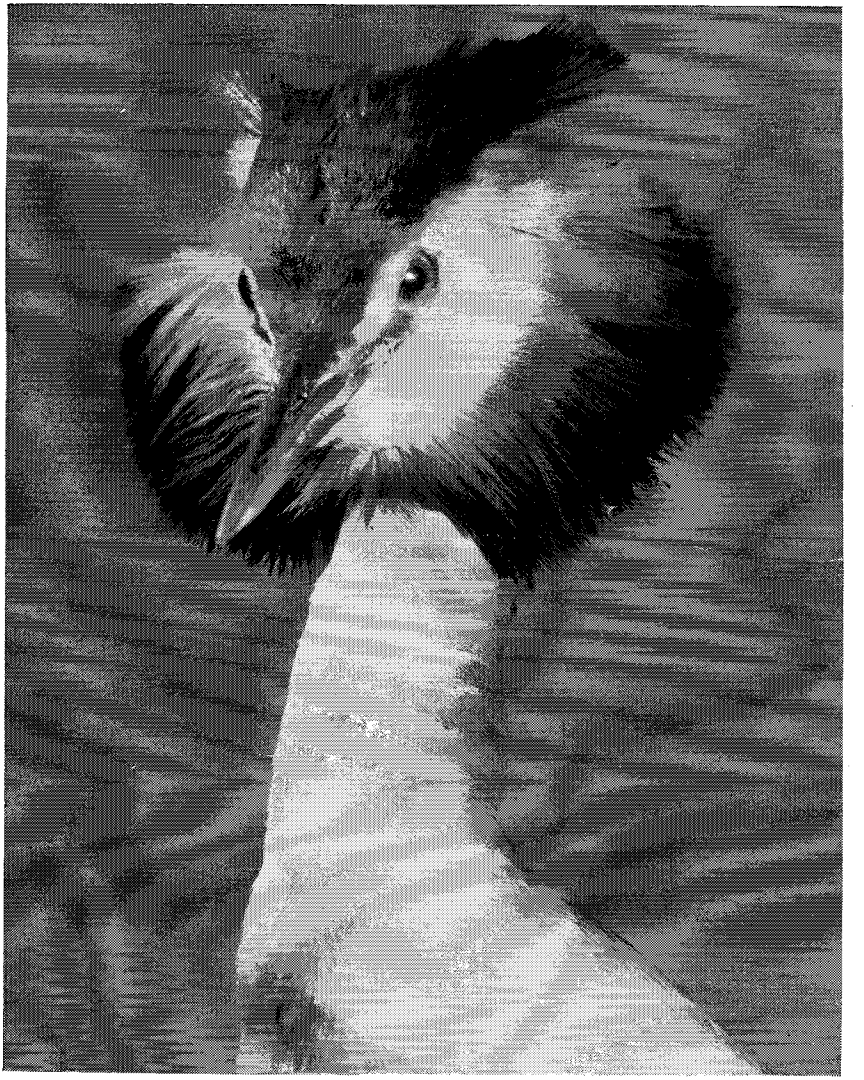

# What a Bird!

MEET ONE OF the weirdest creatures in birddom. Short-winged, long-toed, and tailless, he can swim, fly, or dive with blazing speed; he can do a love dance on the water with his mate, and, for whatever good it might do him, he can swallow his own features. Truly an odd bird, the European grebe.



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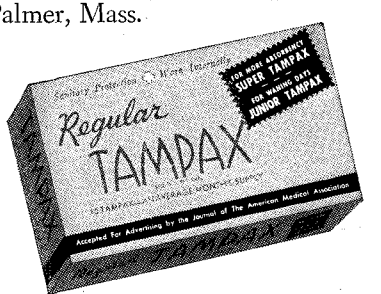
# Summer is a-coming in—

## Time you discovered Tampax

Lovely and gay in prospect summer does appear. But, alas, hot and humid weather is in prospect too. Should it arrive at the time of "monthly trouble," you'll welcome Tampax sanitary protection. For Tampax discards the warm external pad with its belt-support—and the difference in comfort is amazing!

Tampax is made of highly absorbent surgical cotton compressed into dainty applicators. An invention of a doctor, it is worn internally and is *absolutely unfelt* when in place. No hampering bulk. No "edges" to show under light clothing. No chafing and—a very happy thought—no odor can form. Changing quick. Disposal easy.

*And if you like to swim,* you can wear Tampax in the water and on the beach with bathing suit wet or dry... Sold at drug and notion counters. Three absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply slips into purse. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.




*Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association*



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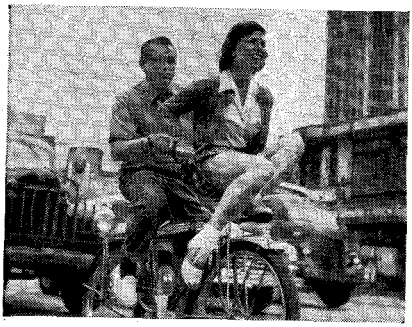
# BICYCLE BEHAVIOR

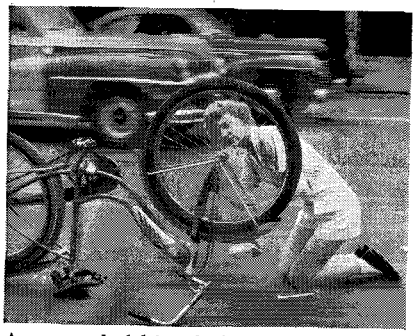
On city streets, bicycles are subject to the same rules as cars. Don't obstruct traffic by riding bicycles four abreast.

Riding hand-in-hand is romantic—and dangerous. Bicycles, like automobiles, call for two hands on the controls.

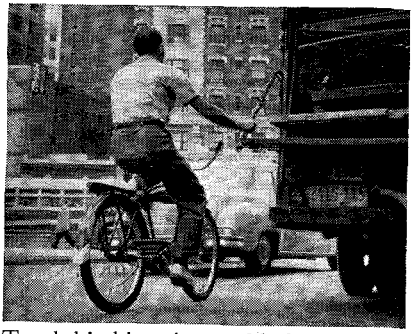


The handle bars are no place for passengers; get a bicycle-built-for-two. It halves the work and doubles the safety.

No collection of famous last words is complete without the classic utterance of the bicycle show-off: "Look, no hands!"



An upended bicycle in the road means misfortune—past or future. Make your repairs in safety—up on the sidewalk.



Truck-hitching is trouble-begging. A sudden stop and you and your bicycle will be separated, perhaps permanently.

Posed by members of the cast of NBC's *Vaughn Monroe Camel Caravan.*



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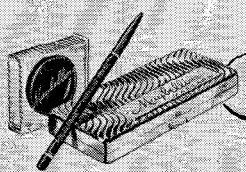
# SEE WHAT A DIFFERENCE MAYBELLINE MAKES

You'd hardly believe that the same face could become so beautiful, would you? Yet it takes only a few soft accents of Maybelline Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and creamy Eye Shadow to make that amazing difference. See how lovely you can look with



Maybelline

PREFERRED BY SMART WOMEN THE WORLD OVER

EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL • MASCARA



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# RCA VICTOR "45"

the most modern system of recorded music

## COMPLETE

ease of operation . . . even a child can play "45"! One touch of a button brings you up to an hour of music!

## COMPACT

automatic changer plays as many as 14 records at one loading! Handy "45" records store in a bookshelf!

## CONVENIENT

Choose exactly the music you want on "45" . . . no pre-selected programs. 4,000 selections are on distortion-free "45" records!

***"Victrola" 45 Personal Model 45EY3*** **$39.95**

Over $6.00 worth of top RCA Victor "45" albums—yours *at no extra cost* when you buy this "Victrola" 45 Personal Phonograph. With the famous "Golden Throat" tone system. Plugs into any AC outlet, has convenient carrying handle. Offer terminable without notice.

**Select your "bonus" albums from 25 favorites, including**

A Sentimental Date With Perry Como
Waltzes You Saved For Me (Wayne King)
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The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

# "HERE RESTS IN HONORED GLORY..."

*by* TRIS COFFIN

**The Unknown Soldier—symbol of all the heroes we remember on Memorial Day.**

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER lies sleeping forever beside a peaceful winding road across the Potomac River from the bustle and hubbub of Washington.

The road begins with a gentle slope at the end of busy Memorial Bridge. To the left, traffic rushes impatiently toward the Pentagon, a vast, odd-shaped building amid a sea of parked cars. Straight ahead, sorrowing and reverent Americans drive through heavy gates swung open to admit them to Arlington National Cemetery.

On a recent afternoon, when the sun made bright stars of light on the Potomac, a gray coupé from Nebraska left the traffic behind. It took the winding road and moved slowly into a thickening silence.

New sounds came forth like objects gradually focusing in a darkened room. There was the regular breathing of a light wind through trees, and the faraway song of birds. All else except an occasional airplane roar was a dim murmur, as the city began to move homeward in the late afternoon.

The trees sighing on the hillside gave the mood of peace. They were sturdy and tolerant oaks; elms with their limbs lifted as in prayer; plaintive willows; and shapely firs.

Off the road on either side, white tombstones stood in rows on the green hills like patient sentinels. At one unguarded spot, gravediggers were piling red Virginia clay into two neat mounds. Another soldier soon would lie in undisturbed slumber.

The only other cars on the road



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were a black hearse and a lonely limousine behind. An elderly man and woman sat in the rear seat. The tombstones were so close to the road now that the names stood out clearly. "Booth . . . Matthews . . . Dale . . . Brown."

The Nebraska coupé pulled into the parking space below the Amphitheater. A heavy man got out awkwardly. He wore a leather jacket and his trousers flapped in the breeze. He held the door open for his wife. She was smaller and neater and dressed in black. They were both young.

They stood without talking and looked up the hill. The first crimson of sunset burned the sky. Shadows slipped across the white columns of the Amphitheater. But strangely, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier was untouched. It was a dazzling brilliance of marble, a Sir Galahad among the Knights.

A uniformed sentry stood motionless to one side of the Tomb. His rifle lay against his shoulder. The sun caught a shining surface of the bayonet and flashed it far beyond. Behind him, an American flag fluttered at half-staff.

The sentry turned with a hard click of his heels. He paced to the sentry box on the north in easy, measured tread. His feet made only a soft padding noise on the narrow rubber catwalk. He stopped and turned, to face again the city across the river.

The man and woman from Nebraska walked slowly up the steps. At the top they halted reverently before the Tomb. He took off his hat and a stray gust ruffled his hair. She held his hand tightly and read the singing words:

HERE RESTS IN
HONORED GLORY
AN AMERICAN
SOLDIER
KNOWN BUT TO GOD

The sentry passed them twice before the quiet, nameless mood was broken by the friendly voice of a sight-seeing guide. The wiry man shepherding a small party said: "I'd recommend that you folks stay for the changing of the guard. It'll be in a few minutes. Mighty impressive! Makes you feel there'll always be American men, like that boy there, guarding the things we love."

All of them looked at the sentry more carefully. Suddenly he was more than a trim figure in a khaki uniform and white gloves.

The woman from Nebraska said in surprise: "Why, George, he looks like the Albright boy at the drugstore back home!"

A white-haired Army officer, a colonel with a black mourning band on his sleeve, said proudly: "He's a good soldier."

The seven boys on their way to an Army base for training watched the sentry curiously. The one with a huge "S" on his sweater said half-enviously, "Do you suppose we'll look like that, Ed, after our basic?"

The guide noticed the Nebraska couple and said in a neighborly tone: "Where are you folks from?"

The man answered. "Up near Scottsbluff, in Nebraska."

His wife said impulsively: "I like to think . . ." But she stopped, embarrassed. The guide and the colonel looked at her kindly. Thus encouraged, she said shyly, "I like to think the Unknown Soldier might



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be my brother. This is his birthday. He died eight years ago."

The draftees moved restlessly, a little ill at ease with death so personal and close at hand. The officer knew the Unknown Soldier had fallen in World War I, but he said in quiet dignity: "All of us who have lost a soldier are sure that he lies buried here."

From the rear, a voice spoke a sharp command. Two pairs of heels came clicking smartly down the walk. A corporal escorted the new sentry to the south post. The old guard stood to the north.

These were different faces—one blue-eyed and clean-cut beneath the brim of his cap, another square and determined, the third long with a sharp chin. They were all very young and serious, for this was a man's business.

The three boys stood at attention. The corporal was directly in front of the Tomb with his hand raised in salute, the sentries at his sides. They looked out over this peaceful hill that was theirs to guard. Their straight backs and shoulders gave a calm assurance.

This moment put fresh strength into each uneasy heart. The seven draftees on the rim of a new and uncertain life felt a nobility they did not know before. The colonel discovered again that American men are worthy of fallen heroes. The woman from Nebraska understood now that her brother was guarded by the devotion of a nation.

The moment was not long. The corporal dropped his salute, and the privates brought their rifles to "Right Shoulder Arms!" with brisk slaps on leather slings. The corporal and the retiring sentry marched off and vanished. The lone soldier halted, turned, and paced the worn catwalk.

The sight-seeing guide remarked, "That's all, folks. They'll be closing the gates now."

The Nebraska man called "Good luck, boys!" to the draftees. His wife and the colonel shook hands. The cars began to move down the winding road.

Those who looked back saw the Tomb framed in the last glory of the setting sun. It was white and pure against a crimson sky. The sentry, alone with his trust, stood straight and tall.

In his keeping lay the Soldier who, though unknown, symbolizes the honored dead of a nation—a great nation that believes in peace and yet is always ready to fight for liberty and freedom.

## Civic Pride

ALL OF US should have a touch of the civic pride displayed by the elevator operator in a Chicago hotel who calls each stop in the usual manner:

"Tenth floor . . . fifth floor . . . third floor."

But who at the lobby level throws open the door with a flourish and proudly announces: "Chicago!"—*Your Life*



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# HOW TO STRETCH YOUR VACATION DOLLARS

*by* PAUL D. GREEN

**Here are some practical suggestions that will help make your money go farther on that long-anticipated holiday this summer**

AFTER YEARS OF TRAVELING, it has been my observation that a high percentage of people waste a great deal of money on their vacation trips. Not only do they spend money foolishly, but they fail to get the return for it that they should. By applying a few simple rules, it is possible to save *enough* money to extend your vacation, to stay at a better place, or to have a pleasanter time in general.

Last year, for instance, my wife, my two children, and I had a three-week vacation, and we spent only $344. Friends of ours with the same-size family took the same trip, but they spent nearly $850. This is how we stretched our vacation dollars:

1. *Transportation.* The cheapest way to travel, of course, is by automobile if you are going as a family. For example, on our tour last year we started from our home in Babylon, New York, and went to Miami, Florida, for a 12-day stay; then we came back up through Central Florida, westerly to the Blue Ridge Mountains, along the breath-taking Skyline Drive, across the Shenandoah Valley, through Washington, D.C., and home again—a 3,600-mile jaunt for a fuel bill of only $70.

You even can save money on gasoline by checking in advance with the American Automobile Association or one of the large chain oil companies on the cost of gasoline in each state you expect to visit. We knew, for example, that gasoline is more expensive in New York than it is in New Jersey. Consequently, we waited until we were in New Jersey before filling the tank, thereby saving about one dollar. On a long trip, this type of savings will total $10.

You will find that it pays to belong to the AAA. Its membership fee is more than repaid by services furnished. As members of the New York Club, we were entitled to a rebate of one half-cent a gallon on gas at most of the large chain stations. On a 3,600-mile trip, figuring 20 miles to a gallon, this rebate amounts to about $9. Finally, you can save dollars and aggravation



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by having your routes mapped out for you by the AAA or by the travel services of large gas-station chains. They will lop off miles that eat fuel by choosing roads where you are not likely to run into detours, construction work, or disrepair.

2. *Lodging*. One of the most pleasant surprises on our journey was our experience with motels, or auto courts. All the way we found modern, clean, well-managed, and often air-conditioned motels at prices running from an unbelievable $6 (for four) in North Carolina to a top of $11 in Jacksonville, Florida. This last motel was a modernistic, pink-plaster palace with delightful air conditioning, tiled baths and showers, radio—and TV set!

As an indication of what bargains these rates are, on our return trip we checked into a second-class hotel in Washington for one night. We paid $13 for the privilege of sleeping four in a room meant for two; and there was no air conditioning, radio, or TV set.

What was worse, it cost $5 to have our car taken to a parking lot and brought back next morning, and $2 in tips to bellhops.

At motels, we merely drove the car up to the door of the cabin assigned us, took out the one bag we had packed especially for overnight stays, and stepped into the privacy of our rooms without tipping or parking-lot charges. Next morning, we went on our way with just as little effort.

You can save money at your resort place, too, by staying at hotels off the main street instead of at swanky establishments. In Miami Beach, for example, you pay upwards of $25 and more a day in winter, half as much in summer, for rooms in those glittering palaces on the ocean front.

The rates for good accommodations decrease with each block you go away from the beach. The same holds true for such resorts as Atlantic City and Asbury Park.

By far the most inexpensive type of lodging in resorts is guest houses. These are usually converted private homes and are particularly comfortable for families with children. In Miami, for instance, instead of staying at a hotel on the beach, we took two rooms in a guest house in Miami proper. It was a former mansion fronting on breeze-swept Biscayne Bay, and we could fish from the front lawn.

There was no parking expense, the atmosphere was friendly and informal, and our baby-sitting problem was solved by the landlady. The cost—a mere $10 a day for the four of us—was about one-third or better of what it would have cost in Miami Beach.

In selecting motels, incidentally, those with the "Recommended by the AAA" signs are especially reliable. Also, there are a number of chain motels which are excellent, such as Tourinns and the New American Motor Lodge; and motels banded together in associations to establish quality service, such as United Motor Courts and Quality Courts United.

You can usually pick up booklets listing recommended motels at chain gasoline stations, too.

3. *Eating*. On the road, we found that our best eating schedule was to have fruit juice and coffee at departure time, a full breakfast at about 10:30, roadside luncheon snacks



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from our trunk cooler which we stocked each night with picnic food, then continue on until dinnertime. The trunk icebox turned out to be one of our best investments. It eliminated the problem of finding decent roadside stands in out-of-the-way communities.

For dinner, we discovered we usually did better in good restaurants on the outskirts of large cities. We learned to depend on billboard signs advertising such restaurants, and invariably found them located near motels.

At the resort where you stay, you can often save money on the American Plan, which includes meals and lodging. When you do eat out, you will find that there are many fine, small restaurants which serve good meals at lower prices than the more popular, elaborate restaurants on the main thoroughfares.

4. *Tipping.* One advantage of eating in unpretentious restaurants is that you do not have to tip your way past a phalanx of headwaiters and captains. Staying at motels on the road, and guest houses in resort towns, likewise cuts down on the tipping nuisance.

You should resist the temptation to over-tip, too. On the road, you will find that gasoline-station attendants and roadside-inn servers are surprised if you do tip.

If you are an inveterate tipper, however, you will save money by tipping once—at the end of your stay—rather than every time a service is performed. Just let your intentions be known in advance, and you will get even better service than you would normally.

5. *Souvenirs.* These constitute one of the largest and least satisfying drains on the travel budget. Naturally, most vacationers like to return with souvenirs. Frankly, items you can buy at one resort are usually available at others—and in five-and-tens in almost any city as well. The best rule is to curb your collecting impulse; and, if you must buy, avoid shops on the main street. In Miami Beach, for example, souvenirs are considerably cheaper away from the hotel belt than in the hotel shops, and still cheaper across the causeway in Miami.

6. *Extra Activities.* There are many ways of having fun without wasting money. For example, it is nearly always best to take professionally arranged and guided sight-seeing tours because you will see and learn a lot more than you would by going off on your own.

On fishing trips, you can save money by taking "Party Boats" instead of "Charter Boats." The former cost about $3.50 per person per trip, while the latter may run as high as $50 to $60 a day.

Even in charter boats, you can save money by going for half a day instead of a whole day, or by teaming up with others. Many resorts, particularly in the South, have excellent fishing available from docks or canal banks, or from rowboats at very modest prices.

In general, when seeking entertainment, concentrate on daytime fun—golfing, tennis, fishing, boating, swimming, sight-seeing—instead of nocturnal revelry, and you will be dollars ahead at the end of your vacation.

7. *Hidden Costs.* These cover items such as film, sun glasses, sun-tan oil, poison-ivy remedies, headache pills, sunburn lotion, and doctor



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bills. One way of reducing these costs is to be moderate in everything you do, and then you won't need them.

It's fairly easy, too, to give up hard-saved dollars for traffic fines. Needless to say, you can avoid these by driving carefully and obeying all speed and traffic regulations. Unfortunately, the stories about "speed traps" are true. We encountered three in as many days, for a total outlay of more than $30.

8. *General Advice.* Consider traveling in the off-seasons. Many tropical winter resorts are delightful just before and after the official season, as is Florida in April and May, October and November. Summer resorts—New England, the Adirondacks, the Great Lakes region—are lovely just after Labor Day and during Indian Summer.

Florida, for instance, contains the same wonderful beaches, beautiful scenery, excellent fishing, and magnificent hotels in summer as in winter. The big difference: in summer everything costs half or less.

*To sum up:* by following the simple rules I have outlined, we definitely saved $270 on transportation (in previous years we had traveled by train), $20 on fuel, a conservative $40 on meals, $38 on tips, $132 on lodgings—a neat total saving of $500 in three weeks. Even if we had traveled by train, we would have saved about $200.

The entire vacation, taken off-season, was one of the best we ever had as a family. We did not stint on visiting places of interest, nor in purchasing souvenirs for our friends. And it cost us merely the same amount that we saved—or putting it another way, we had the same vacation for half the money. You can do that, too—and beat inflation on your own vacation.

## A Matter of Importance

A GOOD MAGICIAN often has occasion to apply psychology to his own advantage when *not* on the stage. Thurston, one of the best, once expressed surprise that John Mulholland, another magician, was so frequently the subject of a front-page story in towns where he was appearing.

"That's easy enough," said Mulholland. "I'll be on the first page in at least one newspaper in each of the next three towns I play."

Thurston bet it couldn't be done. He lost his bet. Then Mulholland told him how it happened.

"When a reporter comes to interview me," he said, "instead of talking about myself, I tell him something interesting about his own town, or about some amateur magician who lives there.

"What I tell him is all the better as a local story if it is vouched for by a person of importance. So, don't you see, when he writes the story for his paper he has to make *me* important." —FRED C. KELLY



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*by* WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

**How a bridge of letters helped save the life of a South African "blue baby"**

A VISITOR RANG the bell of a modest home in Elgin, Illinois, not long ago. A bouncing blond hurricane—seven years old, male variety—opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Charlotte Kinsley here?" the caller inquired.

"Sure! She's my Mom. Here she comes. Yippity—yippity!" and he raced down the hall to her.

The youngster might be called a "miracle child." Just three months before, he had been a listless invalid, apparently doomed to die within a few years—a "blue baby" living in faraway South Africa. Yet here he was, 10,000 miles from home, looking like an athlete. Behind this transition lies a dramatic story of international friendship.

One day in 1935, a schoolteacher in Calitzdorp, South Africa, asked her pupils: "How many of you would like to correspond with school children in America?" A number of hands shot up—including that of 17-year-old Charlotte Kemper, daughter of a health inspector.

In St. Charles, Illinois, a Chicago suburb, another teacher was putting a like question to her class in St. Patrick's school. The same enthusiasm greeted her proposal. Among the pupils to respond was 14-year-old Stella Van Der Zwalm.

Members of the classes in Africa and America then wrote "blind" letters to an anonymous "Dear Friend," these epistles being shipped in packages to an international clearinghouse, which parceled them out by lot to school children. In this juggling process, the letters of Charlotte Kemper and Stella Van Der Zwalm were exchanged.

The girls soon became "pen pals," filling their letters with items about homes and friends, teachers and schools, parties and fun. The girls also boasted about the things unique to each homeland. "You ought to come over and see a diamond mine," wrote Charlotte. "And you ought to come over and see a skyscraper," responded Stella.

The girls sent each other pressed



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flowers, snapshots, birthday and graduation gifts. Then, as they went into post-school days, courtship, and finally marriage, they corresponded steadily, nearly every letter expressing the hope that they might meet some day.

Charlotte married a gold-mining engineer and Stella a tool-and-die maker. The former became Mrs. Noel Kinsley, the latter Mrs. Lyle Pflederer. Two children were born to each—a boy and girl to Charlotte, two boys to Stella. Meantime, Stella and her family had moved to Elgin, and the Kinsleys to Johannesburg.

THE FIRST-BORN of the modest South African household was an apparently healthy six-pound boy, whom the Kinsleys named Patrick. At a year he weighed nearly 25 pounds. Then, at the age of two, he caught a bad cold. His mother took him to the doctor.

"You had better call on a heart specialist," the doctor said.

The specialist made his examination. "You have a 'blue baby'," he told the parents. "With care, he may live for a few years."

Tears filled Charlotte's eyes. "You mean—you mean that he won't ever grow up to manhood?"

"I am afraid so," said the doctor, and then hurried on: "Unless science comes up with something new to aid his crippled heart."

"Pat is a 'blue baby,' and the specialist says he will need close care for years to come," Mrs. Kinsley wrote to her American friend. In later letters, she told of his weakness, listlessness, and inability to have childhood fun.

Four years passed. Patrick grew bigger but not stronger. When he lay still, the blood coursed through his body almost normally; but when he exerted himself, the telltale bluish flush came to his face.

The Kinsleys kept constant watch: there was always a supply of oxygen within reach. Little Pat adapted himself to his invalidism. He looked at picture books and played with jigsaw puzzles.

Meantime, Stella Pflederer in America surveyed her own healthy youngsters with gratitude. Yet the shadow of her friend's misfortune seemed always to be hovering near. So she began studying newspapers and magazines—looking for any reference to what science might discover to cure Patrick's affliction. One day her search brought results.

"*Life of Blue Baby Saved!*" read a headline. Excitedly she air-mailed the story to Africa. Other items followed, each telling of a child being restored to health.

But the news had an ominous side—not all of the cases were operable. Many parents brought their "blue babies" to hospitals, only to be told: "We are sorry, but there is nothing we can do."

The Kinsleys went from one heart specialist to another. One, at Children's Hospital in Johannesburg, was positive that a cure might be effected. But how could they meet the expense of the long trip to America, the only place where the operation was being performed? Their income was little more than enough to meet living costs and the boy's medical expenses.

"Then came M-Day," Charlotte said later. "That, to us, means 'Miracle Day.' "

Unknown to her husband or herself, the Johannesburg specialist had



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told a reporter of Pat's desperate condition and of the parents' hope of taking him to America. The reporter conceived the idea of a "Patrick Fund," raised by popular subscription, to underwrite the cost.

The idea caught on, and gifts began to roll in. It was amazing how grimy-faced but kind-hearted gold miners gave. Even children were among the donors. The "Patrick Fund" soon reached 1,000 pounds (about $4,000), enough for both travel and medical expense.

"That unexpected shower of money was one phase of the 'miracle,'" says Charlotte today. "The other was that within six weeks my boy and I were actually aboard ship for America! We would have counted ourselves lucky if we could have foreseen it within six years."

A Travelers' Aid representative met the two at New York and put them on a train for Baltimore. There, a committee from Johns Hopkins Hospital took them in charge. Before the day was over, Pat was being readied for the tests.

A few days later, a specialist told the young mother: "Your boy will go on the operating table Monday. He has a good chance."

Just a week from the day he arrived at the famous hospital, Patrick lay on the operating table, while Dr. Alfred Blalock, a pioneer in "blue baby" operations, performed another. For two weeks the boy convalesced, then remained two more weeks under observation.

The doctors gave a very simple prescription: "Let Pat live as completely normal a life as possible, but no stair-climbing."

The day Charlotte and the boy left the hospital, a long-distance call was put through from Baltimore to Elgin—and the girlhood "pen pals" heard each other's voices for the first time. Mother and son took a plane for Chicago next day. After disembarking, Patrick and Charlotte eagerly scanned the waiting crowd. Suddenly the boy jerked away and ran.

"There she is!" he yelled. "That's my 'other mother'!" And he raced into Stella's embrace. Within two hours, mother and son were ensconced in the American home.

Weeks later, there was another checkup and a farewell to the surgeons and nurses who had saved Pat's life. Then came the takeoff for Africa and home.

As good-byes were said in Elgin, the two girlhood "pen pals" vowed to give their 10,000-mile friendship the final touch—Stella must bring her family to South Africa for a long vacation.

"Would you like them to visit us?" Charlotte asked Patrick.

"Yippity—yee!" shouted the erstwhile "blue baby" as he gave his imaginary cow pony a swat and galloped across the room.

**Prayer for Today**

Lord, make this a better world—beginning with ME!

—quoted by CLAIRE MACMURRAY



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# THE GOLDEN RULE IS GOOD BUSINESS

*by* ANDREW HAMILTON

**More and more workers are sharing in industry's management and profits**

TWENTY-FOUR employees of the Thomas P. Pike Drilling Company of Los Angeles—oil-well drilling contractors—finished their desserts and lit cigarettes. Some were vice-presidents and accountants in well-pressed suits; most were drillers in leather jackets.

President Tom Pike, a young man with a firm mouth, clinked a fork on a water glass: "All right, you guys —the Advisory Board is in session."

Husky Fritz Sparuhl, derrickman, suggested standardizing hand tools on the drilling rigs. Bushy-haired Perry Isham, head mechanic, told about some unsatisfactory shop work done for the company. "It takes too long to get these price adjustments in to the main office . . ."

Superintendent Hal Haney, just back from a trip to Mexico and South America, described the possibilities of oil-well drilling there. And so it went until all 24 men had had their say about how the Pike Drilling Company should be run. Tom Pike, the boss, was outargued several times.

Few industries are faced with more hazards to life or more financial risks to stockholders than oil-well drilling. But Pike has discovered a sure way to guarantee the loyalty of his employees and the prosperity of the company. In a few years this technique has run the Pike Drilling Company net worth from $4,500 to more than $1,000,000. He applies the Golden Rule.

"My men tell me how to run the company," he says, "and I couldn't get better advice. In return, I treat them like the decent human beings they are and offer them a share in the management and profits."

Since 1947, when he first made partners out of his employees, Pike has seen labor turnover reduced, morale go up, and net profit zoom 250 per cent. He has shared $188,000 of these profits with his employees.

The Pike Company is only one of hundreds in the U. S.—large and small—that are known as "good companies to work for." How did they acquire this reputation? Simple —they put into practice the Sermon on the Mount: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

It is an American answer to the communist theory of permanent class warfare in the capitalistic system. It is proof that capital and labor can cooperate without snap-



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ping at one another's throats. It is a new 20th-century revolution that means ever-more production and ever-higher standards of living in this country.

A Chicago business executive puts it this way: "I used to be on a rowing crew in college. When we were all pulling together, we could row 40 strokes a minute. But whenever there was trouble, the average fell below 30."

STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, not all American workers are primarily concerned with higher wages. In a recent survey conducted by the National Industrial Conference Board, "job security" and "chances for advancement" were rated higher than "better wages."

Recognition of this desire for security has made Sears, Roebuck and Company one of the most successful businesses in the world. Sears not only provides the usual employee benefits—paid vacations, sickness and accident allowances, credit unions, group life and hospital insurance—but the company also has worked out an amazing stock-ownership plan.

"It makes me feel just like an executive," said a Sears employee recently, "because it gives me a stake in the company."

Here's how it works: Mr. A., who never made more than $2,291 in any one year, recently retired with credits of $9,426 in cash and 400 shares of stock worth more than $20,000. Miss B., who joined the company less than five years ago, has paid $988 into the plan and now has an account worth $2,700. Miss C. retired with cash credits and stock totaling $72,697.

The Procter & Gamble Company, makers of Ivory soap, with a similar stock-ownership program, has had no major strike for 60 years. Willoughby's in New York City, known as the "world's largest camera store," has grown 30 times in size since 1926, when the employee stock-ownership plan was inaugurated. And the Snow-Nabstedt Gear Corporation of Hamden, Connecticut, has practically wiped out labor turnover by making stockholders of its workers.

Other companies have put the emphasis on opportunities for advancement. The Horatio Alger rags-to-riches theme is still flourishing in America. One of the best advancement plans is the Junior Board of Directors of McCormick and Company, Baltimore, distributor of teas, spices, extracts, and condiments. Promising younger men and women are appointed to this board, and if they make good they fill vacancies in the Senior Board.

Through it, a mail boy rose to be treasurer of the company; a window washer became head of the credit department; a garbage burner rose to take charge of the insecticide-manufacturing department.

When president Charles McCormick restored a 10 per-cent wage cut production jumped 10 per cent. When everyone from janitor to president knocked off twice a day for a cup of tea, production increased nine per cent.

Some companies—such as the Gerstenslager Company of Wooster, Ohio, makers of truck bodies—even give workers the right to pass on the qualifications and personalities of new employees. They are scrutinized carefully, and must serve a



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probationary period before being taken on permanently.

"If a man's going to be on our team, we want one who will play ball with us," one of Gerstenslager's employees said.

Other business firms have developed many ways to woo the loyalty of employees:

The Skilsaw Company of Chicago, makers of tools, distributes free coffee twice daily and provides uniforms for women workers.

Other companies maintain summer camps, finance athletic programs and scholarships, provide music during working hours, subscribe to popular magazines for their employees, and supply home-nursing service.

A highly successful method of applying the Golden Rule is profit sharing—giving employees a slice of the cake they help bake. Erick Johnston considers the profit-sharing plan he installed in his Northwest enterprises to be "the most important thing that I have ever accomplished."

Profit sharing isn't new—but recently it has been rediscovered. In the last decade, the number of profit-sharing companies in the U. S. has more than doubled. Today, approximately 20,000 companies are sharing profits with employees. Last year, for example, an estimated $60,000,000 was divvied up with 250,000 workers.

Profit sharing in various forms is practiced by some of the best-known companies in America: Eastman Kodak, Sheaffer Pen, Gruen Watch, Jewel Tea, Motorola, and W. T. Grant chain stores. It has also proved successful in hundreds of smaller businesses—amusement parks, auto agencies, bowling alleys, gold mines, and orange groves.

Other examples of profit sharing: residents of Ayer, Massachusetts, celebrated when the Nartnett Tanning Company recently made its semiannual distribution of $64,694 to 250 employees; the American Velvet Company's shared profits last year amounted to one-third of the annual wages paid employees; Northland Motors, in upper New York State, distributed $43,047 to 29 workers last year.

Carl A. Norgren, president of a Denver company that manufactures hydraulic and pneumatic equipment, points out that most of his 160 employees live on their regular salaries and use their profit-sharing bonuses for "extras" like new cars, vacations, and college educations for their children.

MANY COMPANIES, such as Standard Oil of California and S. C. Johnson and Son, makers of Johnson Wax, have learned that taking care of employees called into the armed forces pays off. Standard of California not only guarantees a man his old job when he returns, but also keeps up his insurance, vacation and sick-leave time, and in certain cases pays a man half his civilian salary.

The discovery by American business and industry that workers are not merely "economic units," but warm-hearted, friendly people who laugh at Bob Hope, go to church on Sunday, and brag about their children, is Democracy's answer to the slave labor of communism. Some companies have even abolished the words "workers" or "employees."

At the Helms Bakeries in Los



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Angeles, management calls them "co-workers"; at the Pulverizing Machinery Company, Summit, New Jersey, they are "associates"; at the Avondale Mills they are "partners"; at the Pilgrim Laundry, Brooklyn, they are never anything but "Pilgrims."

Companies that treat their employees with consideration also create stable and prosperous communities. "It's like dropping a pebble in the water," says the president of a St. Louis shoe-manufacturing company. "The influence spreads in all directions."

The success of George A. Hormel & Co., meat packers, has brought steady prosperity to Austin, Minnesota. Many Western mining towns have become ghost towns, but not Stibnite, Idaho, where labor and management have cooperated to keep the antimony mines operating.

Howard Chase, director of public relations for General Foods Corporation, says:

"In the past, perhaps 95 per cent of management's brains and energies were devoted to a solution of the technical problems and only five per cent devoted to human problems. In the future, management of corporations will devote a larger share of their brains, energies, and sympathies to human problems."

Tom Pike sums it up this way: "Upon the peaceable and successful resolving of human-relations problems will depend the future not only of free management in America, but of freedom itself throughout the world.

"You can buy a man's time, his physical presence, and a number of muscular movements per hour. But you can't buy a man's heart, mind, and soul. You have to earn those things. How? By putting into practice the Golden Rule!"

## As Others See Us

AN AMERICAN lady tourist on a flying visit to the Holy Land came to a tourist office to ask for some information on motor roads in Israel. She was informed by one of the clerks that it was now possible to go by car all the way from Dan to Beersheba.

"Do you know," she replied, "I never knew that Dan and Beersheba were places. I always thought they were husband and wife like Sodom and Gomorrah."

—PAUL STEINER, *Israel Laughs* (Bloch)

THIS LITTLE STORY is now going the rounds in Paris:

"What is the principal difference between a rich American and a poor American?"

"A poor American washes his Cadillac himself." —*France Amérique*

ACCORDING TO the Russian humor magazine *Krokodil*, an American baseball club has had a good season when it has been able to sell its best players at a large profit. —CLEMENT CRYSTAL



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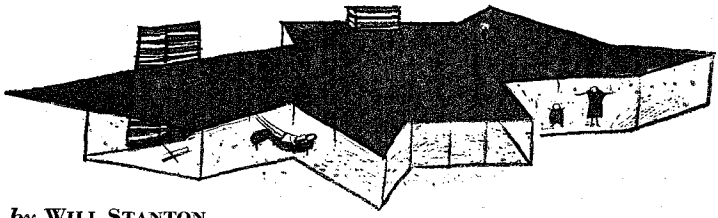
# SO YOU WANT A MODERN HOME?



*by* WILL STANTON

**Take it from one who found out the hard way, "functional living" has its drawbacks**

YOU CAN'T SHOP AROUND for an architect any more than you can for an undertaker. The first one you talk to gets your business—only Ethel and I didn't know it.

"We'd better talk to at least half-a-dozen," she said.

"You bet," I said. "We'll play the field."

The field was named Marvin Bunce. He had completed extension courses in glass bricks and outdoor living, and had the hypnotic voice that is the hallmark of the successful architect. He read us his prize-winning paper on fluctuating functionalism, and I found myself saying from time to time, "Just what we've always wanted!"

After we got home and I had a chance to collect my thoughts—and look up a few words—I wasn't so sure. But Ethel had her heart set on a modern home, so I figured that if I got some pamphlets and studied up on functional living, I would get the hang of it. But I never did.

My mistake was in banking too heavily on the innate know-how that all American boys are supposed to have. There was a time when I was considered pretty handy around a crystal set or a Model T. Of course that wasn't recently, but scientific principles don't change. Anyhow, that was the impression I had. Even after we'd lived in the new house a few months, I believed it.

Then, one morning when I was half through shaving, the light blinked out and my razor purred to a stop. By application of scientific laws I defined the situation—a power failure either general or local. If local, possibly a fuse.

In the kitchen, Ethel was shuffling from Toastmaster to coffeemaster to eggmaster. "I don't know what makes everything so slow," she said. "The light in the refrigerator is off."

"The power is off," I declaimed.

I opened the door of the fuse box. It looked like the inside of a mechanical brain. I would just as soon have shoved my hand into an adder's nest.

Ethel prodded the raw eggs. "Well, I wish you'd fix that light."

"There isn't any juice," I explained again.

"I only have two hands," she



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said. "Besides, the juicer doesn't work—that's another thing."

"Dammit," I said, "the electricity is off—can't you get anything through your head?"

Just then the kids came in.

"The radio doesn't work," Sissy announced. "And my room is all dark," Buster added.

"Get your coats on," Ethel said. "Your father is driving us downtown for breakfast."

"Just a second," I said. "With the electricity off, how can I get the garage doors open?"

She sniffed. "I shouldn't think that would be any problem for a big he-man who goes around half-shaved, swearing at women."

Sissy crept over to her mother, her lower lip trembling. "It's cold in here," she said. Buster moved up on the other side. "The clock's stopped," he added. They crouched there, bewildered.

"Well, go ahead and stand there," Ethel snapped at me. "Your children are hungry and cold, but don't you do anything about it!"

I got on the phone and made a number of inquiries at the electric company. Then we huddled under unplugged electric blankets, munching jam sandwiches and snarling at each other.

When the current was flowing again, our friendly family relationships were re-established somewhat. "You have to admit," Ethel murmured peacefully, "that this floor-heating works wonders. The power has only been on a little while and my feet are warm as toast."

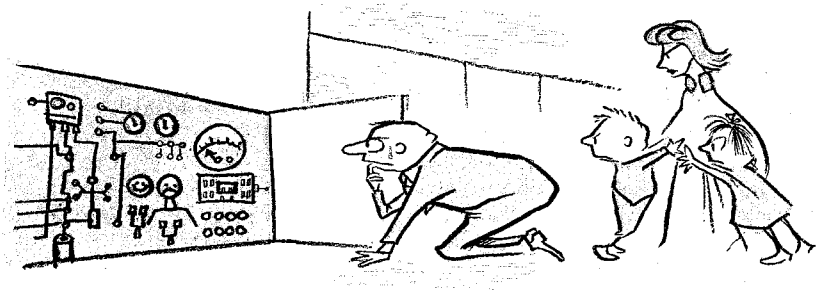
I saw a thin column of smoke rising from Ethel's slippers, and my own were curling around the edges. I reached the thermostat too late. Buster had turned it up as far as it could go and broken off the knob.

By the time we could call back the trouble shooter from the electric company, the living-room floor was a 16x20-foot griddle, and our rug was sautéed.

Maybe I should have said the floor of the living *area*, because we don't have a living room, or any other rooms. We have areas for dining, sleeping, recreation, and so on, but no rooms.

Ethel and some of her friends say this is the modern trend. In my opinion, Bunce skipped a semester somewhere along the line.

The way he explained it, the interior "must be kept flexible to promote a feeling of graceful spaciousness." So, instead of walls, we have breakfast and china bars, revolving bookcases, fadeaway screens, glass partitions, and sliding panels. Our first New Year's Eve, my wife's





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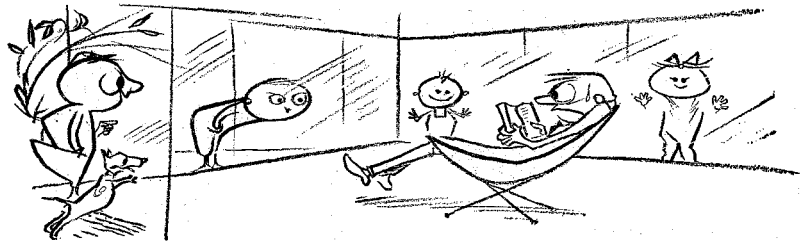

brother Ollie drove into the bathing area and parked his car over the sunken tub, under the impression, he later explained, that it was a grease pit.

It appears that a lot of glass is essential for indoor-outdoor living, so we had a lot. I can't enjoy looking at pictures that look back. It's disconcerting—particularly in a neighborhood full of kids. They stand there and stare at you, sometimes for half a day. And sticking out your tongue at them doesn't do a bit of good. I got so self-conscious sometimes, I used to go out to the garage and just sit in the car to relax my nerves.

"A home should be structurally harmonic," Bunce said. "Interior and exterior must blend so that one passes without sense of change from one to the other."

That's how we got gophers in the spinet. The piano company wouldn't do anything about it, and the insurance people said they didn't cover it. If you're insuring a really modern home, you want to deal with a modern insurance company.

They wouldn't even answer my letter when our maid ran the floor polisher across the patio and buffed out two rows of hardy perennials. The way we figured it, she had the radio turned way up to drown out the noise of the machine, and in a tensely dramatic scene she just blacked out.

She made it clear when she left, shortly thereafter, that she had nothing against us personally, only the house. She said she never was sure whether she was on the outside looking in or vice versa.

I expect the mirrors were to blame. As Bunce explained it, mirrors placed at strategic points gave the effect of twice as much space.

He placed a mirror at the end of the patio that was supposed to make the back yard look bigger than it is. But Ollie pitched a horseshoe through the mirror, and now the back yard is bigger than it looks. I don't know how to explain it, except that we were having a little party in the outdoor living area and he had started living a few hours ahead of everybody else.

I didn't mind about the mirror, but he accused me of spoiling a perfect ringer. He said I moved the stake. That was too much, so I took off my glasses and invited him to step into the rumpus area.

The trouble was, I never could find my way around the house any too well with my glasses on, so I wound up all alone in the utility area. The washer was filled with Argyle socks so I turned on the machine, sat down in front of it, and looked through the little win-



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dow. It was the most peaceful prospect I had seen in a long time.

So now the place is up for sale. I'd be happy to rent it to a family of unemployed acrobats, or give a long-term lease to a high-school fraternity. The neighbors all hate me, but I don't care. I know what I want and I'm going to get it.

It's a medium-sized, two-story house not less than 30 years old. It's made of red brick with a slate roof, and it has an iron fence running all around the yard. Between the front lawn and the front hall is a front porch. There's a place for a lawn mower and a place for a carpet sweeper, and the line of demarcation is clearly defined. The windows are the kind that slide up and down and have shutters outside and shades inside.

Eight rooms should be about right, plus a cellar and an attic. I have no particular use for a cellar. I just want to know it's there in case I need it. I might want to bury something sometime.

The attic should have complete files of old magazines, starting about 1920, and a scattering of college yearbooks of the same era. It should be a place where the kids can entertain their friends and learn something of their common heritage.

Ethel seems to favor an attractive guest room, but I'd settle for a spare room that guests can use in an emergency, and looks it. After all, if a guest is putting us out, I want him to know it.

I believe that takes care of everything except the front parlor. In times like these a man needs a place where he can relax after supper, put on carpet slippers, and read a few pages of Josh Billings. Or, if friends should drop in, we might play a hand of Authors or bridge whist. And if we decide to make a night of it, we could bring in a pitcher of lemon shrub and set up the stereopticon.

There won't be a lot of fancy trimmings—just plenty of old-time hospitality. It was good enough for Louisa May Alcott, and it's good enough for me.

## Grains of Twain

ADAM AND EVE had many advantages, but the principal one was that they escaped teething.

THERE ARE two times in a man's life when he should not speculate; when he can't afford it and when he can.

A CLASSIC is something that everybody wants to have read and nobody wants to read.

I HAVE NEVER let my schooling interfere with my education.

MAN IS THE only animal that blushes—or needs to.

ONE OF THE striking differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives.

TO BE GOOD is noble, but to teach others how to be good is nobler—and less trouble.

HAVE A PLACE for everything and keep the thing somewhere else; this is not advice, it is merely custom.

—MARK TWAIN *Adam's & Eve's Diaries* (Harper & Brothers)



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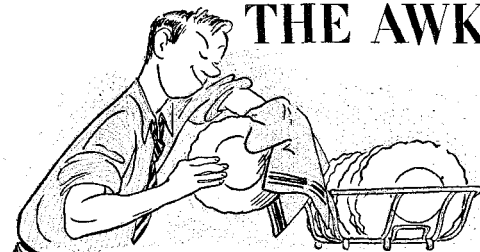
# THE AWKWARD TRUTH



## About Husbands

THE HUSBAND who wears the pants in his family usually wears an apron over them. —*Grit*

IF A HUSBAND'S words are sometimes sharp, maybe it's from trying to get them in edgewise.
—*Sun Dial*

THE MOST BRILLIANT husband in the world is stumped when his wife says: "All right, then. I *want* to look stout in a fur coat."
—*Wall Street Journal*

A HUSBAND'S love for his garden sometimes depends on how well his neighbor's wife fills a sun suit. —AL SPONG

MANY A HUSBAND feels that what his wife doesn't know won't hurt him. —GENERAL FEATURES CORP.

## About Wives

A WISE WOMAN makes her husband feel he's head of the house when he's only chairman of the entertainment committee.
—California U. *Pelican*

A WOMAN who has a temper she can't control usually has a husband she can. —*Twaddle*

WIVES WHO SAY they haven't a thing to wear usually need their husbands' closets to keep it in. —JAN MURRAY

WOMEN ARE NOT very strong physically, but they can put the cap on a fruit jar so it takes a husband 20 minutes to get it off.
—LYNN HUTCHINSON

## About Matrimony

MATRIMONY puts an end to more petting than all the park police put together. —*McCall Spirit*

MARRIAGE BEGINS when women stop dating and start intimidating. —CLIFF WALTERS

SOME OF THE MOST dangerous experiments in marriage are conducted on the kitchen stove.
—FRANKLIN P. JONES

JUST LET A MAN become bent on matrimony and, presto, an accommodating woman will show up to straighten him out.
—ADRIAN ANDERSON

THE HONEYMOON is over when he takes her off a pedestal and puts her on a budget.
—*Gas Flame* (Indianapolis)



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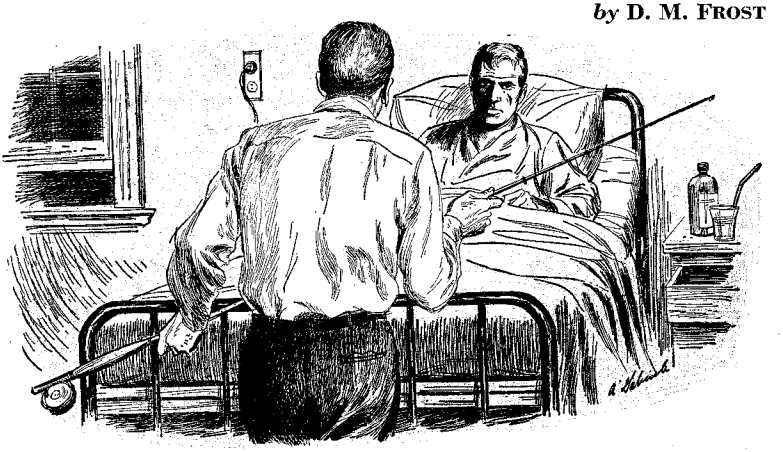
# A HEART AS BIG AS TEXAS

*by* **D. M. FROST**



**As long as there's trouble anywhere, Andy Anderson will be helping to solve it**

THERE WAS NO mistaking the anguish in the man's voice as it came over the telephone. "If anybody but God can help, Mr. Andy, it's you. My little girl's twisting with pain here, and I can't do a thing. She will be well again if she has an operation—and I just haven't the money. Help me, Andy, please."

A young veteran, blinded in the war, tapped his way confidently to the small, cluttered office on the second floor of the *Press* Building in Houston, Texas. "Nobody'll give me a job, Andy," he said, "but I knew *you* could help me find one."

These stirring requests for aid—only two among the 50 or more that come to Andy Anderson every day—got prompt attention. After making a few inquiries, he reached into his pocket for a small black book and in a moment was talking on the phone to one of Houston's wealthiest citizens.

"I've got somebody who needs help pretty bad," Andy began.

The millionaire, a man who had a reputation for being hardboiled, cut him off. "How much do you need, Andy?"

The money for the girl's operation had been raised.

In the next edition of the *Press*, under the column title of "The Rambler," Andy put the blind veteran's case up to the people. Within hours, he had five good jobs lined up.

The man who inspires the hope



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for miracles that is usually left to prayer is a wiry little newspaperman with the 24-hour-a-day job of giving a helping hand to people who need it. To Houstonians, Ralph Alexander Anderson is the Little Man with the Biggest Heart in Texas. To disabled veterans all over the country, to the penniless widow who has been evicted, the convict eligible for parole if only he had a job waiting, the crippled woman who could support her children if someone would give her a sewing machine, or the child who longs for a puppy to replace one that died, Andy is a Santa Claus.

SCALING A MERE 125 pounds, and weather-beaten as a cowpoke, in his standard dress of checked shirt, cowboy boots, and battered Stetson, Andy Anderson is a Santa without precedent. He was born 60 years ago, the son of a Pittsburgh contractor. After high school, he began writing an outdoors column. World War I sent him to Fort Bliss, Texas, as a mounted engineer, and at a church social he met Ruby Ellison, a Houston girl.

"I really fell in love with his horse," Mrs. Andy, a sweet-faced, gentle woman, smiles now. "It was a bright red—and it just matched Andy's hair."

As soon as the war was over, he rushed to Houston, married, and went to work as a reporter. In 1923 he joined the *Press* as sports editor.

Then came a day in the spring of 1942 that changed his life. Andy and several other sports editors had been invited to give a Sports Quiz at McCloskey Veterans' Hospital in Temple, Texas. As they passed the Temple railroad station, one of the first trainloads of disabled veterans to be returned from Europe was discharged into ambulances. Andy watched the heartbreaking procession, then burst into tears.

The memory of those young, hopeless faces haunted him. Andy was certain that, with time and patience, those disabled veterans could learn all over again the sports they had once loved. Fishing, for example. And fishing happened to be Andy's specialty.

The following week he was back at McCloskey with his tackle, plus a couple of film shorts on the art of plug and fly casting. He intended to stay only "as long as they'd put up with me." But after two hours of carrying his rod and his enthusiasm to every ward, the boys still hadn't had enough.

Other veterans' hospitals in the Southwest invited Andy to show his stuff. Every week end found him with a different group of wounded veterans—kidding them out of feeling sorry for themselves, commandeering local transportation to take them on fishing trips.

"He looks like Ernie Pyle, and he talks like Will Rogers—with a fishing rod instead of a rope," one hospital director wrote to another. "He's the greatest morale builder the war has yet produced."

So far, Andy had been paying his own expenses and using his days off from the paper to visit hospitals. Suddenly he decided to give up his vacation and make a tour of all the hospitals that wanted him. But there was the problem of finance. Some of Andy's friends heard about his plan and, before he knew it, had raised the money.

"Just give 'em a good show, An-



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dy," said one contributor. "That's all we ask."

Andy gave a good show during six weeks of fast plane-hopping. From then on, he received indefinite leave of absence from the *Press* to spend about six months a year touring hospitals, and his column about disabled veterans, called "The Rambler," began.

Andy visited every veterans' hospital in the country, some more than once. And soon, he had to turn inventor. For the blind who wanted to fish, he arranged silk markers at ten-foot intervals along the line, so they would be able to tell how far they were casting.

For armless veterans, he devised a special pole to fit into a waist strap, with a steel thumb for winding and a leather thumb for controlling the line. For one-armed golfers, he worked out a leather sleeve to fit over any club. For legless boys who wanted to bowl again, he designed a spring crutch.

Andy would take his design to a manufacturer, have the gadgets made up in lots of 50 or more, and suggest that service clubs, civic groups, and individual citizens foot the bill. To date, he has fitted some 3,000 disabled veterans with his special "sports gadgets."

In Houston, the Veterans Administration was having a hard time placing handicapped boys in good jobs—there just weren't enough to go around—so Andy used his "Rambler" column to help out.

In the first few months of writing stories about his "boys," more than 100 disabled veterans were placed in good jobs. "We weren't asking for charity or sympathy," Andy explained recently. "A boy wasn't sent out for an interview unless I was sure he could do the job."

But finding jobs was not enough for Andy. In 1948, he organized a social club for the local wounded, labeling it the Wrambling Wrecks. It is an exclusive affair; to qualify, a veteran has to be either 100 percent disabled, or an amputee. Fourteen of the 150 members are in wheel chairs, five are blind, and six are missing both legs. There is a regular get-together once a month, but at any time Andy is likely to rig up a fishing trip on the Gulf, a barbecue on a private ranch, or box seats at a ball game.

Each June, he brings disabled veterans from all over the country to Freeport, for a day's outing on the Gulf. Townspeople donate tackle and boats, and hold a gigantic fish fry at the day's end.

THERE ISN'T ANYTHING that Andy won't do for his disabled veterans. He has seen to it that they have a new suit of clothes, a set of tools for whatever trade they have chosen, and start out in their new lives as capable employees free from debt. But not all the problems have been easy to solve.

One boy, with legs amputated at the hips, was too ashamed of his inexpertness at getting around to leave his room. He was a newcomer from another city, and his name was referred to Andy as a candidate for the Wrambling Wrecks.

Andy went out to deliver the invitation personally. The boy shook his head. "I couldn't do any of those things," he said angrily.

Andy's snapping brown eyes looked at the boy without pity. "Come on," he said. "We're going



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out and walk around the block."

The boy protested, but under Andy's tough, matter-of-fact arguments, he finally agreed to try. "That first time wasn't too good," Andy recalls. "He couldn't swing his legs right, and there were a couple of near spills."

But Andy didn't give the youngster time to give up. Every morning he phoned to remind him to get out and practice. "Within a month, that boy was doing so well he could get all over the city. Now there isn't anything the Wrecks have done that he can't do as well."

With the end of the war, others began to look to Andy for help. From prisons all over Texas came letters from convicts who were eligible for release on parole—if someone would give them a job. Elderly people considered "too old to work" flocked to his office. To handle the ever-increasing calls, Andy organized a permanent bureau under auspices of the State Employment Commission. Last year the Commission, of which Andy is chairman, placed 318 "unemployables" in good jobs.

Just before Christmas of 1947, he began to receive letters from mothers who weren't able to buy toys for their children. Thus the Christmas Bureau was born. Readers of the *Press* discovered that here was no ordinary request for giving money to the poor; each of them was to adopt a needy family, find out what was needed, and provide whatever they could. That year, 200 hapless families were adopted by enthusiastic citizens of Houston. Last year, the Christmas Bureau took care of 4,200 families—1,000 of them adopted by individuals.

Not long ago Andy discovered that old folks who had no homes of their own were being victimized by so-called "convalescent" homes. "I've been told on good authority that prisoners of war in Japan received better treatment," he declared angrily in the first of a series of shocking articles he wrote for the *Press*. On May 13, 1951, ground was broken for Holly Hall—first of two nonprofit homes for the aged which opened in March of this year as a result of Andy's articles.

Aside from his countless projects for the handicapped and the underprivileged, Andy gets some 7,000 individual appeals for help every year, ranging from puppies for children to new homes for families whose houses have burned down. He works closely with the Community Chest and similar organizations, and each plea is thoroughly investigated. But in the case of a personal problem, or an emergency in which aid must be given at once, Andy has an instant source of funds.

In his pocket he carries a little black book containing the names of 50 of Houston's wealthiest citizens. At a moment's notice, he can call on any one of these men for as much money as he needs.

On the day before Christmas a couple of years ago, Andy found he still had 200 destitute families unaccounted for in his Adopt-a-Family plan. He picked up the phone and called Glenn McCarthy, the Texas oilman. The conversation went something like this:

"Glenn, I've got a couple hundred families who aren't going to have much of a Christmas this year. I was wondering if—"

"How about a thousand bucks?"



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interrupted McCarthy. "I'll send it right over."

The little man who has inspired so many other people to open their hearts and purses to the less fortunate among them lives simply in a modest home with his wife and 28-year-old son, a successful Houston architect. From the paper, Andy draws only a modest salary. He has no other business investments to supplement this income.

"But I feel just like a millionaire," he grins. "People are always sending me checks and money to help somebody who needs it."

In June, 1949, a grateful Houston gave Andy a tribute he will remember the rest of his life. In the Emerald Room of McCarthy's new Shamrock Hotel, 750 celebrities and old friends from all over the nation, together with proud citizens of Houston, gathered to honor him. The occasion was one of the few for which Andy has gotten "all geared up" in a white shirt and plain dark suit.

Then came the surprises. A gold wrist watch, a silver tea service for Mrs. Anderson, a new typewriter from Andy's co-workers on the *Press* staff, a leather purse made by the blind at the Negro Lighthouse—and the high light, from all the people of Houston, a new automobile with dozens of special accessories. The disabled veteran who wheeled forward to present the car to Andy in the name of all the people who loved him, broke down and wept.

With tears in his own eyes, Andy expressed his appreciation. "I want to think of this dinner," he said, "not as a tribute to me, but as a tribute to the people of Houston, who made possible the things for which some give me credit."

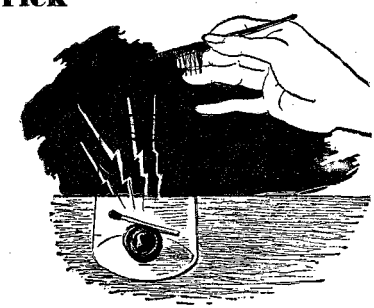
Although Andy already works "ten times harder than he should," talk of the possibility of another world war has prompted him to work still harder. He took his fishing act to Alaskan military bases where no such entertainment had ever been presented before. Last fall, Andy found that an entirely new group of disabled veterans needed his help. During the winter months he visited some 35 hospitals on the east and west coasts, showing more than 1,500 wounded Korean vets how to have fun again.

"As long as there's trouble in the world," said a close friend recently, "Andy will be helping to solve it."

## A Quick Trick

THE TRICK: To cause a paper match to move, even though it is covered by an inverted glass.

HOW TO DO IT: Balance a nickel on edge. Balance a paper match on top of the nickel and cover both with a thin, inverted glass. Run your comb through your hair, then hold it close to the glass. Static electricity will move the match.





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# BEHIND THAT CURTAIN

A PATROL DOG HOWLS in the night. The sweeping beam of a searchlight picks out the long, lonely shadow of a sentry, glints on barbed wire. This is the Iron Curtain, the forbidding line that cuts through Europe. Eastward lie the Soviet slave states, a vast, dark region whose silence is broken only by propaganda reports from its Red masters. But through the chinks in the seemingly impervious wall comes another story, telling of resistance and sabotage, of a suppressed people who have learned to fight fire with fire. These stories do not herald the imminent collapse of the Red tyranny, but they prove that the will for freedom surges strong behind that Curtain.

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL FLEMING

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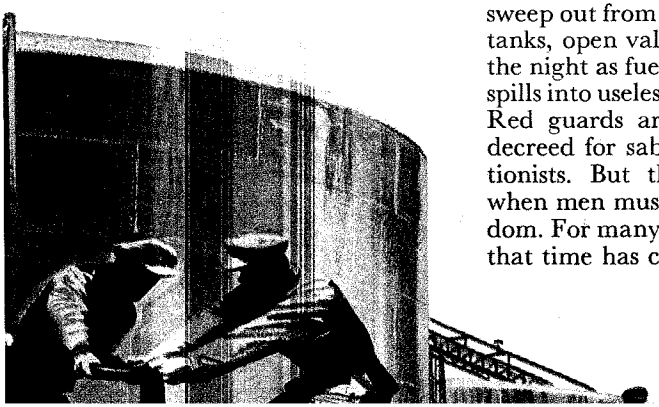

SOMETHING MOVES in the darkness, the granary guard whirls. In that instant a shrouded figure leaps from the brush, swings his club once, twice, and the guard falls to the ground. In another moment the black night is ablaze with flames. One by one, shadowy men run up to the wide doors of the warehouse, throw burning torches into the mountains of grain, and flee. The unconscious guard is alone again; the flaming warehouse settles slowly to the ground. This was the answer of Bulgarian farmers to lines of grain-filled trains that moved steadily eastward. This was their reply to the Kremlin's dictum: "Others will starve, but Russia will never go hungry!" Nor was it an isolated blow: in Czechoslovakia great fields of ripening wheat are mysteriously swept by flame; in Rumania's Teleajen oil fields, men sweep out from behind huge storage tanks, open valves, and vanish into the night as fuel destined for Russia spills into useless pools. Everywhere, Red guards are alerted. Death is decreed for saboteurs and obstructionists. But there comes a time when men must risk death for freedom. For many behind the Curtain, that time has come.

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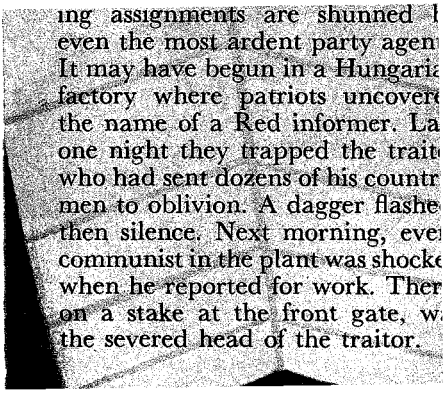
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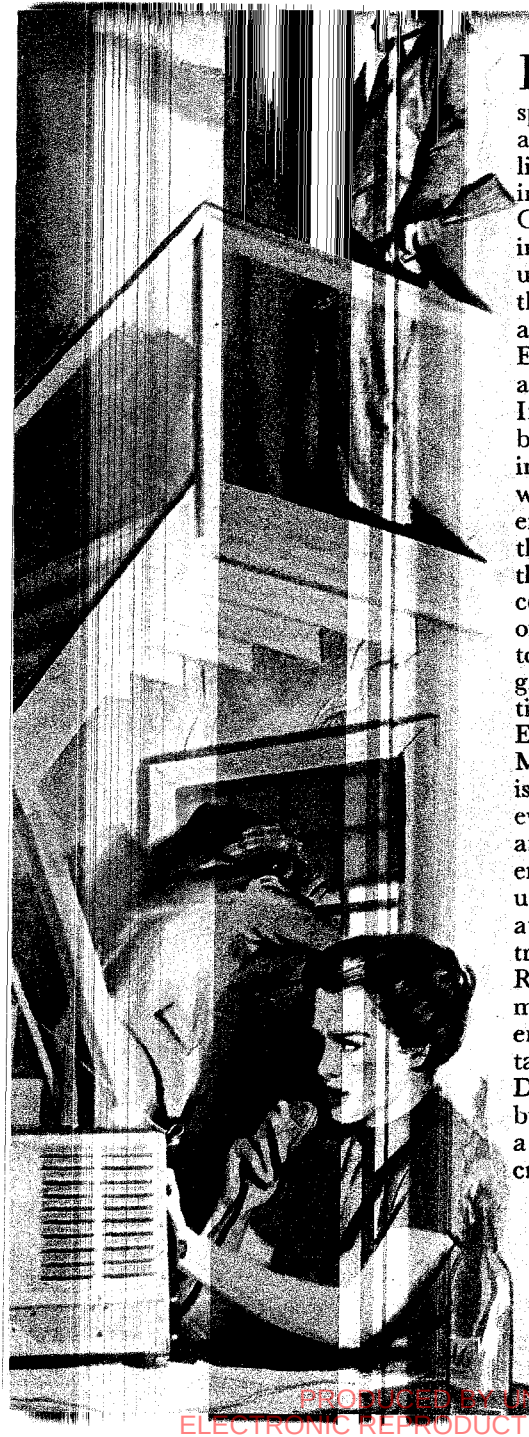

IN AN EASTERN European mining town, the telegraph suddenly splutters and goes dead. A Red army captain leaps to his feet: "The line has been cut again! Every man into the hills. Find the break!" Obediently, the Red patrol shuffles into the hills, leaving the village unguarded. Swiftly and silently, three men slip past a lone sentry and file into the deserted mine. Expertly they set to work with axes and files, smashing vital machinery. In ten minutes the shaft is a shambles. Then they are gone, content in the knowledge that many days will pass before the Russians can extract any more ore. Who are they? Who are the men that cut the telegraph? They belong to a courageous, loosely organized band of farmers and workers dedicated to an unequal life-and-death struggle with the Soviet. They work in tight little groups of two and three. Even if they are captured and MVD torturers do their worst, little is revealed. In Poland, Bulgaria—even in Russia itself—these men and women of the Resistance operate secret radio stations. They set up transmitters in cellars, barns, attics. They broadcast the grim truths about police brutality and Russian exploitation. Then they move on. And in millions of darkened homes behind the Iron Curtain, the little people sit and listen. Discovery means imprisonment, but still they listen—and keep alive a spark of hope in the nations now crushed under the Soviet heel.

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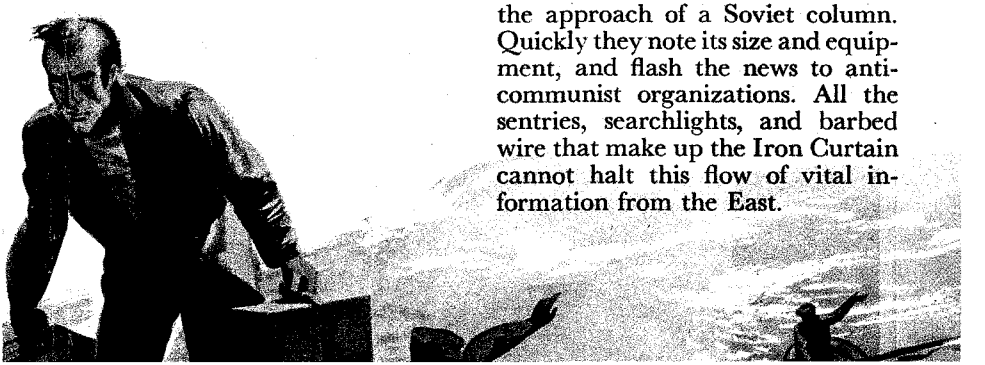
FROM THE DAY the Russians lowered a shroud of silence and fear across Europe, there has been a secret but steady exodus from the East. No Iron Curtain could halt the flow of men who must be free. Yet even more galling to the communists is the tiny trickle of humanity that runs against the familiar current. On moonless nights, men and women steal across heavily guarded frontiers, bearing priceless spare parts for radio transmitters. Others land on deserted Baltic shores and disappear into the forests nearby. Days later and miles away they emerge, with money for Resistance groups and the one message of hope that money cannot buy: the free world has not forgotten. Those assigned to this perilous shuttle willingly surrender comfort and safety to battle Red slavery. They are the men most feared by the communists.

Hour-long harangues from communist propaganda stations decry American "war-mongering" and "imperialism." But freedom-loving people know the truth: their only chance to throw off the Russian yoke hinges on the strength of the democracies. Thousands have enlisted for the perilous task of keeping the West informed about troop movements, weapons, production, bases. For days, men lie silent and unseen on the crest of a hill, in a wood. Then a cloud of dust heralds the approach of a Soviet column. Quickly they note its size and equipment, and flash the news to anti-communist organizations. All the sentries, searchlights, and barbed wire that make up the Iron Curtain cannot halt this flow of vital information from the East.



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A RUSSIAN LORRY loaded with newspapers brakes to a stop on a deserted road, a felled tree in its path. Two men leap from a ditch and overpower the driver. Next day, Red Army men open newspapers that look just like the *Sovietskaya Armiya*—and gasp. Inside, replacing official lies and bombast, news stories tell of Kremlin treachery. The underground has struck again. Often they operate deep inside Russia itself. They play on fear and jealousy in high places. Cunningly they alternate psychological warfare with violence. One night, the raucous laughter in a Potsdam officers' club was interrupted by a shattering explosion: 15 Red leaders killed. When two men were arrested and charged with the crime, the underground boldly demanded their release. The Russians refused. Days later, two vital bridges were blown up—another score for the hidden forces of freedom.

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ACROSS SOVIETIZED Europe, men have risked death to emblazon the legend, "H.T.C.," for all to see. Now, every man, woman, and child in the East knows the significance of these Russian letters. Scrawled on a Red army barracks, painted in glaring colors in the town square, they shout defiance at those who have trampled on justice. "Death to the tyrants!" they say to the communists, but to those who long for freedom, they have another message: "You are not alone. There are others in the struggle to end this curse. Take heart." And therein lies the great strength of the underground. That they can strike and strike again against the brutal tactics of the secret police is fervent proof that the communists can never destroy man's basic belief in human dignity. Sabotage in Poland and assassination in Hungary have only a whittling effect on the Soviet Union and its slave-state satellites. But each act of resistance is a surface ripple of a deep, swelling undercurrent. Together, they give men strength and courage to fight back. Recently, the Reds sent tractors to plow up farm boundaries for collectivization of a Czech village. The underground urged resistance and formulated a strategy. When the tractors appeared, women threw themselves in the path of the lumbering giants. The moment the drivers halted, they were attacked and beaten by farmers armed with pitchforks and clubs. To date, that tiny Czech village remains uncollectivized.

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# The Lady Who Licked Crime in Portland

*by* RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

**Mayor Dorothy Lee's formula for cleaning up corruption is a simple one: see that laws are enforced without fear or favor**

TOBACCO SMOKE hung heavily in the packed chamber as the committee counsel put questions to witnesses with a grim intensity. An investigating committee of the Washington State Legislature was trying to learn why vice and crime had sprouted in the city of Vancouver, which lay just across the Columbia River from Portland, metropolis of the neighboring state of Oregon.

One factor popped up with monotonous regularity. Many of the racketeers conspicuous in Vancouver had formerly operated high, wide, and handsome in Portland. A senator finally inquired of a local civic leader:

"Why have these gamblers shifted their bookmaking and horse parlors to Vancouver and to this state?"

The man replied candidly, "She made it impossible for them to continue operating in Portland."

Nobody needed to ask the identity of "she." Could anyone in the vast Northwest be unaware of the thin, ethereally pale housewife who had made Portland unsafe for organized rackets?

Dorothy McCullough Lee tips the scales at 110 pounds, but no other mayor in the history of her community ever swung so big a club on gamblers, crooks, and bunco artists. When she became Portland's first woman chief executive in 1948, the city had been rocking along wide open for almost a decade.

The venereal-disease rate was so high that navy skippers hesitated to give youthful seamen liberty time in Portland. Gambling syndicates had moved in, and family breadwinners were in debt to bookies and dice throwers.

The City Club, a group of 1,000 leading business and professional men, had financed a local survey and come up with this bristling charge: "Gambling and bootlegging establishments, houses of prostitution, and other vice operations have been carried on not only with the knowledge of Portland police, but under a system of protection



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provided in consideration of a substantial police "payoff."

During the election campaign which preceded her victory in 1948, Mrs. Lee made only one promise: "I pledge myself to enforce the laws of the United States and of the state of Oregon." That was her entire platform.

When the election was over, Mrs. Lee had handed Earl Riley, incumbent mayor, the most decisive licking ever put into the city's political records. She polled 85,045 votes to his 22,510.

Practically the first act of the new mayor was to appoint as chief of police a gray-haired former commandant of Oregon State troopers named Charles P. Pray, known for his militant honesty and two-fisted attitude toward wrongdoers.

After she had rattled around in the big leather chair in the mayor's office for less than two weeks, Dorothy Lee made an announcement: "Slot machines and other lucrative and corrupting devices will be repressed. The law will be enforced against them regardless of where they are located."

Three days later a prominent citizen came to City Hall. "Dorothy," he commenced with a soothing paternal air, "the police have confiscated the slot machines in an eminently respectable organization to which I belong." And he mentioned one of Portland's most exclusive private clubs. "Our club depends financially on the slot machines to support numerous worth-while projects. I hope you realize that many of our members contributed funds to your successful campaign."

Dorothy Lee swung around to a shelf and immersed her sharp nose and gray eyes in one of the red volumes of the Oregon Code. She pored through the pages with a lawyer's practiced thoroughness, then told her visitor: "You know, the law merely says slot machines are illegal. It doesn't make a distinction between gentlemen's clubs and the corner beer tavern. Slot machines are illegal in Oregon—period."

This was the beginning of one of the most complete transformations in American municipal government. Mrs. Lee drove out the slot machines. She shut down Chinese lotteries and padlocked bookmaking joints. And with a woman's sensitivity to the degradation of other women, she was particularly ruthless against prostitution.

In one of her fancy little hats, her sole gesture to fashion, Mrs. Lee walked into a drugstore near City Hall to buy some face powder. On the counter she saw a punchboard. She eyed it gingerly, then played several punches.

Back at her office, she sent for her male executive assistant. Onto the desk she rolled the numbered strips of paper. "I didn't know about punchboards," she confessed. "A person could lose his whole pay check on such a contraption. Why doesn't someone tell me these things?"

Punchboards, too, were banished.

PORTLAND HAD BEEN the widest-open city on the Coast. Now it was the tightest-shut. Military authorities marveled at local improvement in the control of syphilis and gonorrhea. The general crime rate also dropped. But the pressure on the frail, willowy mayor was terrific. In the public prints she often became "Dotty-Do-Good." Op-



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ponents ridiculed her as "Madam Airwick" and "No Sin Lee." The underworld poured anonymous threats into her mail. Petitions proposing her recall from office were circulated at taverns, race tracks, and in private clubs.

When the two teen-aged adopted children of the Lee family, David and Priscilla, were sent to private school in British Columbia, a whispering campaign hinted that the mayor regarded Portland schools as inferior. Few people stopped to consider that a mother grappling with an organized gambling syndicate might want her children far away during this period.

"Threats never bother me," said Dorothy Lee. "What if I had violated my oath out of timidity or because of some selfish political ambition? Would the solid, thoughtful people of Portland have trusted this office to a woman again?"

This rhetorical question is a good clue to the character of Dorothy McCullough Lee, who heads the largest U. S. city government presided over by a woman. A violent feminist, she rebels against the fact that women fill only three per cent of all our elective posts.

This intense concern with the status of women stems from her youth, when she was the only child of Rear Admiral Frank E. McCullough of the Navy Medical Corps. Dorothy lived with her parents in China, Japan, the Philippines, and Guam; she saw women treated as little better than beasts of burden.

When Admiral McCullough was ordered to Washington, D. C., the 13-year-old Dorothy hung over the rail in the Senate gallery, listening intently to debates on women's suffrage. She was shocked to learn that when she grew up she would not even be allowed to vote.

What could Dorothy McCullough do about it? She was graduated from the University of California in 1923; and two years later, at the age of 24, she became one of the youngest women ever admitted to the bar in California.

Dorothy had earned some spending money while at the university by working as a summertime waitress in Yosemite National Park. She had met a chunky, dark-haired graduate of the University of Delaware who cleared her tables as a bus boy. His name was Scott Lee.

In 1924, they were married in San Francisco, and a few days later Scott took his bride northward to Portland, where he had been hired by the Standard Oil Company.

In Portland, Dorothy and another woman attorney opened the first all-female law firm in Oregon's history. Gladys Everett was a Democrat, Dorothy Lee a Republican.

In 1929, Dorothy was elected to the State Legislature, and became its lone woman member. After two terms in the House, she was advanced to the State Senate.

Shifting to Portland's municipal government, Dorothy Lee became Commissioner of Public Utilities. She forced the local traction company to spend $1,500,000 on urgently needed trolley busses, and instituted a mosquito-control program which won wide acclaim.

The decision to run for mayor was the hardest she ever made. She realized how thoroughly the underworld had Portland in its clutches. Could a woman break this iron grip?

On the day before the deadline



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for filing, she still had not made up her mind. Yet by sundown of the next day her name was on the ballot. Her verdict had been precipitated by a telephone call from a woman civic leader.

"Dorothy," said the lady, "the mothers of Portland are looking to you to make this city a place where they and their children can live in security and safety."

EVEN THE BITTEREST FOES of Mayor Lee marvel at her serenity under fire. When threats against her were at their zenith, she still shunned a police bodyguard and drove her own coupé around the city without a chauffeur. The recall petitions never caused her to blink an eye. "If the people of Portland want a wide-open town, then I wouldn't want to continue as mayor," she commented philosophically.

Portland's 51-year-old mayor, now serving her 23rd year as a public official, has never asked for quarter because she is a woman. "I believe there should be many more women in public life," she volunteers, "but I don't think our sex entitles us to any special courtesy or leniency. The sinister interests which often operate in American politics make no distinction between a man or woman, if some honest official stands in their path. They try to destroy that person with gossip, innuendo, or just plain lies."

Men in Oregon politics quail before Dorothy Lee's relentless drive on gambling. Pari-mutuel tracks have many backers in the Legislature, because 2½ per cent of the revenues go to rural fairs. This has established in Portland one of the country's most flourishing greyhound tracks. Dorothy Lee would run it out of town if she could, but the Legislature has given all authority to the State Racing Commission.

"I may not like the law, but I'm sworn to abide by it," announces Dorothy Lee. So she moves against punchboards and dice games while the $12,000,000 dog track operates unscathed.

Because she has routed the forces of evil in the state's largest city, few observers believe her career will end with the mayoralty. Friends and foes agree that she is headed for national distinction.

"Those fancy hats our mayor wears may be merely Lily Dache to some," said an admiring Oregon clubwoman, "but they're a knight's crusading plume to us."

## Like Cucumber

"WHEN I WAS YOUNG," remarked an old gentleman, "somebody gave me a cucumber in a narrow-necked bottle and I wondered how it got there. In the garden one day I saw a bottle slipped over a tiny cucumber still on the vine, and then, at last, I understood.

"I often see young people with habits that I wonder any strong sensible person could form. And then I think that likely they grew into them when they were smaller like the cucumber in the bottle."

—*Sunshine Magazine*



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# A BOY AND AN IDEA

*by* JAMES GORDON GILKEY

IN 1809, A FRENCH BOY named Louis Braille was born in the little village of Coupvray, some 40 miles from Paris. His father was the local harness maker, and when Louis was three years old a terrifying accident happened.

He was playing in his father's shop, imitating—as small boys do—his father's actions. He took an awl in his left hand, a wooden mallet in his right. He placed the point of the awl on a strip of shiny leather, and then—as he had often seen his father do—hit the handle of the awl with the mallet. Instantly the point of the awl skidded into his eye, and he fell to the ground, screaming with pain.

Subsequently an infection developed within the eye, and then spread to the other eye. Soon, three-year-old Louis was totally and permanently blind.

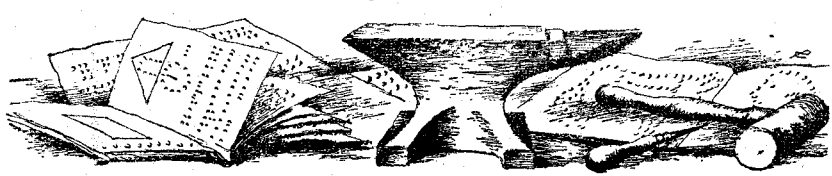
When he was able to leave home, his parents took him to Paris and enrolled him in a school for blind children there. The method then used to teach such children to read was clumsy indeed. Big letters were stamped on sheets of paper, the sheets were turned over, the children were told to run their fingers along the projections on the back of the sheets.

It was slow, hard, discouraging work, and only after months of struggle was Louis Braille able to read. Then, while he was still in his teens, someone told him of a Monsieur Barbier and his idea of using dots as symbols for letters. The idea captured Louis' imagination, and he set to work. The dots could be arranged in a great variety of small patterns, so that even a child's sensitive fingertips would be able to detect the patterns readily.

Thus did the Braille alphabet emerge within the mind of a blind boy. Finally in 1829—when Louis was 20—the alphabet was perfected and put into use. One hundred years later, in 1929, the people of France arranged a celebration in honor of Louis Braille.

During the celebration, a statue of him was unveiled in the little village of Coupvray where, as a child, he had lost his sight. At the unveiling a dramatic thing happened. Scores of blind people gathered at the base of the statue, and when the cloth was drawn aside from the stone face they pressed forward with upraised hands.

Slowly they moved their sensitive fingertips across the face. So this was Louis Braille, the man who had given them victory! Louis Braille, the blind boy who finally found his second chance.



From *Here Is Help For You*, by James Gordon Gilkey. Copyright, 1951, and published by The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.



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# Don't Rush into Problem Marriages!

*by* PATTY de ROULF

**To improve your chances of marital happiness, read this thought-provoking article**

SINCE 1940, THERE HAS BEEN an increase of nearly eight million wives in the U. S. A. Why? Is desperation hurrying American women into marriage?

"Yes," say leading marital counselors, "that is certainly one of the reasons." Women by the hundreds, consciously or unconsciously, are beginning to look upon the marriage ceremony as an escape from unpleasant surroundings, a solution to personal problems, a magic wand for happiness. And since it takes two to make a marriage, the same holds true for men.

Motivated by an irksome job, unhappy home life, fear of becoming an old maid or a bachelor, loneliness, social aspirations, or for any number of reasons, women and men, 16 to 60, are tending to rush into matches which later bring heartaches to all concerned.

Doris is typical. A college graduate, she ventured from her small home town to the big city of Philadelphia. She became a capable and well-paid secretary. She had her own apartment and nice clothes, attended concerts, movies, lectures —sometimes with a date, but usually with another girl. And always, at night, she returned to her apartment *alone*.

"When I was 26," she recalls, "I awoke with a start. I was lonesome, bored; I wanted companionship, someone to talk to across the breakfast table. Suddenly, I realized I should have married."

What to do about it? Through business, she had met an older man, a widower with an eight-year-old daughter. He was respectable, eligible, and owned a comfortable home in the suburbs. Doris concluded it would be very nice to be Mrs. H. There would be no more lonely nights, no more hoping the telephone would ring. Instead, a full, normal life, sharing and planning with another human being, becoming a wife, having a husband.

With the usual female ingenuity, Doris planted visions of orange blossoms, a preacher, and a ring in her widower's mind. Several months later, the new wife moved into the suburban house. A happy marriage? Sadly enough, no!

Doris continued to work because they needed her income as well as his. Her husband turned out to be



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disillusioningly unromantic. It was a second marriage for him, and from the start they decided against having children, since one offspring was all they could afford. In the end, Doris was cheated of almost everything a girl expects when she marries—the tenderness, the sentimentalities, the joy of motherhood.

Yes, Doris *had* gained what she went after—companionship. But how much better it would have been had she first solved her problem—perhaps taken in another girl as a roommate or had learned to live an interesting, satisfied life alone—and then had looked around calmly for a suitable mate!

ONE OF THE PRIMARY MOTIVES for legal mating among men is the fulfillment of sexual desires. Take the example of young Jack T. He was the No. 1 wolf in his crowd. Even in high school he began boasting of his conquests. But in college he met a beautiful girl who said "No!" Since marriage was the only solution, he proposed and they were married in the university chapel on graduation day.

A few months later, his conquest over, Jack found he was not in love, and that marriage, as such, was a terrible mistake.

Twice Jack's age was a former football star, Henry. His first marriage ended in divorce because Henry, at 40, had started "to chase." When he was 45, he met a girl who fascinated him. She was charming, attractive, and had sex-appeal plus. She aroused his passion when other women left him cold.

Henry married this bewitching creature, only to discover that the age difference was too great, that he could not keep up with his young wife's demands—socially, physically, or sexually. And, mentally, she bored him.

Men also marry for companionship, for better social position, to obtain a mother for their children (if they are widowed or divorced) or make a stab at matrimony before they get too old so they won't become, as Benjamin Franklin said, "the odd half of a pair of scissors." But it's the wise man who is certain before marching down the aisle that he really desires wife, home, and family, and is not merely attempting to escape a problem.

Young girls frequently marry merely to escape an unhappy home life. There are any number of instances where a youngster, still in her teens, driven to despair by family bickerings or the domination of an unreasonable relative, has grabbed at a proposal as a way out of her predicament.

Yet such a girl needn't turn to marriage as a frantic solution to her troubles, for there are marriage-counseling clinics springing up throughout the country. There are doctors, clergymen, teachers in every community who are ready and willing to give help to any doubting miss who will just have the courage to ask for it.

"I got married because I was tired of working," confessed one San Francisco girl. "I had my own tiny apartment, spent two hours a day commuting to Oakland, worked from nine to five in a dry-cleaning plant, came home every evening tired as a dog, and never had any money in the bank."

She decided to marry an ex-GI to escape her situation. And then?



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Once wed, she toiled from 7 A.M., when she rose to fix her husband's breakfast, to 10 P.M., when she gave the baby his last feeding. Every minute was taken up with dusting, marketing, sewing, washing, ironing, cooking, or entertaining her husband's friends.

She worked twice as hard as she had at the cleaning plant, received no salary, and—saddest of all—had no all-consuming love for her spouse to soothe the hardships. Too late, she realized she would have been wiser to have obtained a more pleasant job with less commuting, and considered marriage later.

"A beautiful girl who marries to gain better social standing must be clever, adaptable, and self-assured," states Dr. Lena Levine, a noted authority on marriage. An ambitious young woman with a strong-headed desire for quick fame and fortune may leap into a match which provides her with a glittering existence entirely different from anything she's ever known.

But although she has won her wealthy or prominent man, she must now possess the three qualities Dr. Levine mentions, or she will find very quickly that she cannot fit into her husband's environment because she's an outsider. The dowager snubs her; the duchess doesn't attend her tea party. Cinderella struggles to keep up with her new acquaintances and, in time, snobbishness, false glamour, and all the other disillusionments show through.

Finally, our heroine revolts, resenting everything and everybody around her. The last scene is played in the divorce court. And the price paid? Disappointment, bitterness, and Cinderella's task of starting at the bottom again.

Figures indicate that 97 per cent of all women who are going to marry have done so before their 35th birthday. That's why, with her chances growing slimmer every day, a woman in her late thirties or early forties may rush around in a frenzied attempt to snatch a husband, not to be left out of the swing of things.

But the woman of forty who marries simply because her friends, movies, or books suggest she should, invariably winds up in a worse predicament than she was in before. First of all, whether she'll admit it or not, the middle-aged, unmarried female probably has led a maladjusted life. She hasn't wed for reasons ranging from need to support her parents to a severe inferiority complex.

If she is lucky enough to find an eligible man her own age, or older, chances are he, too, has one or more problems. Widowed or divorced, a single man over forty tends to be distrustful, moody, and selfish. If he's past forty and still a bachelor, something may be seriously amiss!

So what happens to our spinster who, at forty, weds a man five or ten years her senior? It turns out to be a case of *problem marries problem*. And if one problem is bad, just think what it would be like to have *two* in the family!

SO FAR, WE'VE been talking of conscious motivations for foolhardy matches, but in many instances individuals are driven *unconsciously* into matrimony. "One of the saddest varieties of wrong marriages," states



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Dr. Abraham Stone, "is that of a young girl forced into an early match." Dr. Stone is medical director of the Marriage Consultation Center of the Community Church of New York, and in 20 years has delved into thousands of cases.

By being "forced" into an early marriage, he doesn't mean the storybook kind of forcing in which the cruel father orders his daughter to marry the villain to save the old homestead. No, this is an unconscious type of compulsion.

Take Miss Lila B. She was pretty, charming, well-bred, had a large group of friends her own age. But little by little her "crowd" began buzzing with engagements, wedding announcements, and little pink and blue cards broadcasting births. Older relatives began to look upon Lila questioningly, sometimes even hinting broadly that this or that young man would make *some* girl a wonderful husband.

But, emotionally, Lila wasn't ready for marriage, for the sharing, for the responsibilities entailed. Nevertheless, social pressure was strong. Chums exclaimed, "Oh, Lila, it's so marvelous to have a man of your own!" Parents said, "It's wise to marry young and grow old together."

At last, at the age of 21, Lila succumbed to their urging, and selected one of the youthful blades who had been sending her roses. The result: Lila couldn't cope with marital adjustment and finally, on the brink of a nervous breakdown, went home to mother.

In this atomic age, teen-agers are tending to marry just for the thrill —the wedding, the honeymoon, the novelty of playing house. The trend is prompted undoubtedly by a desperate attempt to remove an unknown frustration. Doctors and sociologists chalk up examples to emotional immaturity—like the little girl who wants a doll, then a scooter, then a pair of skates—always something new, something different, something exciting.

When she grows up, she starts yearning for a gold wrist watch, a fur coat, an airplane trip, a husband—no one thing any more important to her than the other.

Any man or woman driven unconsciously into a "desperation" union suffers from some hidden emotional mix-up, which the best marriage in the world could hardly untangle. Matrimony is one of the most significant and sacred steps in life and it should be taken only when a person is ready for it, when he or she is healthy and strong, both physically and mentally.

Individuals drawn toward marital union by some conscious force, like unhappy home surroundings or loneliness, *still* have a chance of getting back on the right track if they will stop and sensibly consider their situations. "You can't heal a cut finger by bruising your toe," one psychologist points out. "Nor can you adjust an upset emotional status by an unsatisfactory marriage."

In other words, marriage is not a cure-all. People just don't marry and then live happily ever after. They must be happy, well-adjusted people first. Persons yearning to tie the nuptial knot should search their real motives, making certain that they are not trying only to solve some other problem.

"Three factors," states Dr. Stone, "must be present in a happy mar-



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riage. In order of importance, they are: 1. Companionship—the sharing of plans, similarity of interests, spiritual compatibility. 2. Sex—the satisfaction of normal sexual needs. 3. Home and family—a home life, family life must be supplied."

What about those who have married in desperation and now are living in despair? Is divorce the only solution? "No," answers Dr. Levine. "At times we can help couples to see themselves clearly, and this clarification may enable them to make an adjustment in a marriage which seemed hopeless."

The important point to remember is that if a person has rushed into a problem marriage and is at the moment regretting his mistake, he *can* get help. The consulting centers throughout the land stand ready to assist. There is no longer a need for wives and husbands to suffer alone in their plight, for although their troubles may seem insurmountable to them, odds are that a clever counselor will find happy solutions in less than 60 minutes.

Lastly, take sufficient time to study that starry-eyed young creature who makes your heart thump! Make certain before the knot is tied that you really want each other, that you're not just an escape from your darling's problem. Cliché or not, the old warning holds: "Look before you leap!"

## Apt Observations

SLYLY HOPEFUL that her four-year-old son would become as fond of her new swain as she was, the comely ranch widow was putting her spoiled progeny to bed and saying, "It was nice of George—getting down on all fours and letting you ride around the ranch yard as if he were a pony, wasn't it, darling?"

"I guess," grunted the sleepy youngster.

"And even letting you wear your little spurs—and tear his shirt with them. He must love you."

"Love!" scoffed the youngster. "Then why did he put up such a squawk when I wanted to nail horseshoes on his hands and knees?"

COMPOSING A LETTER to the president of the manufacturing company which he felt he so ably represented, the young man dictated to his stenographer:

"I feel that you should know, sir, that in order to obtain the above-mentioned contract, I found it necessary to employ every ounce of my personal charm and magnetism, to exert all my diplomacy and flawless tact. However, I am now pleased to report that my untiring efforts were crowned with gratifying success."

Gently the stenographer asked, "Crowtation marks on that last paragraph?"

"DAUGHTER, DID YOU tell the young man I think he's no good?" demanded the irate doctor.

"Yes, Dad, but that didn't faze him a bit," replied the young miss prettily. "He said it wasn't the first wrong diagnosis you've made."

—*Wall Street Journal*



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# BENEATH THOSE FACES

*by* LOUIS BINSTOCK

NEXT TIME you walk along the sidewalk of a crowded street and see only fixed stares instead of smiles on approaching faces, stop in front of the first show-window mirror and examine your own countenance. Most likely you will discover that your face is as frozen and cold as the others. They, too, were staring instead of smiling, while eagerly searching for a sign of comradeship.

When you find yourself thinking: "He, or she, is an unfriendly person," consider if what you really mean is not this: "I am being an unfriendly person."

That shy look on the face of the man sitting in the corner of the room may only be an outer scar of his feeling of rejection in childhood. That sour visage of the woman talking so bitterly at the end of the table is most likely a mask molded by the harsh hand of suffering. That irritating, pompous manner of the guest of honor may be just an outer garment of superiority, designed to cover up an inner sense of gnawing insecurity.

Step over to one of them, put your hand on a shoulder, flash a friendly smile, speak a sympathetic, understanding word, and see what a miracle such an act of faith can bring to pass in you as well as your neighbor.

From *The Power of Faith*, by Louis Binstock. Copyright, 1952, and published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.



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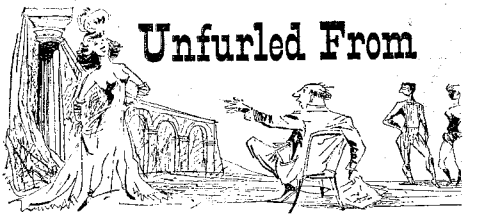


**Onstage**

"I wish you would wear a gown in the second act that is not quite so daringly cut," the stage manager told the star of the show.

"But this is the latest style and I paid $200 for it," she said indignantly. "Why should I change?"

"Well—during that serious scene when your husband says, 'Woman, you're hiding something from me' —the audience laughs. It just can't figure out what he means."

—*O'Bannon's Between Calls*

**Tele-Tattle**

"I want our Sammy to be a philanthropist when he grows up," said Mama.

"Why do you want Sammy to be that?" asked Papa.

"All the philanthropists you read about are millionaires."

—Sam Levenson (CBS)

On "Leave It to the Girls," the lone male member of the panel was called on to answer the question: what do girls marry for?

"They all marry for the same reason till they're 60," he replied. "After that, I don't know."

—F. M. Seckbach

A gent who already had one too many under his belt and who was trying to steer himself into the next tavern, pushed into the wrong door and found himself seated in front of one of the whirling machines in a Launderette. He stared at the tumbling wash through the machine's window with glassy-eyed fascination for about five minutes. Then, blinking his eyes and shaking his head, he mumbled disgustedly as he shuffled out of the place: "This television ain't so hot." —*Capper's Weekly*

**Columns Write**

When crooner Billy Eckstine was a house guest of Bing Crosby, he showed Bing his newest cravat, fire-engine red. "A fan gave me this," Eckstine apologized, "but it's so loud I'm afraid to wear it."

"Afraid!" Crosby snorted. "Why, I've got a *suit* that color!"

—Hy Gardner

Sammy Spear, maestro for Dumont's "Cavalcade of Stars," took his 10-year-old heir to a movie the other day. After fidgeting through half the film, the lad finally begged: "Pop, please change the channel."

—Frank Farrell (New York *World Telegram and Sun*)

The cast of *My Six Convicts*, being shot at San Quentin Prison, were all given identification cards by Warden Clinton T. Duffy. The cards were the same as those carried by the real inmates, with this one difference. The line that read "Offense" was followed by the single word: "Actor." —Sidney Skolsky

**Strictly Hollywood**

Clare Boothe Luce remarked to a famous movie star that she was writing a new screenplay called *Pilate's Wife*. The star thought Miss



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Luce had missed the bus, opining, "The public is fed up with airplane pictures." —Bennett Cerf

Movie star Jeanne Crain decided to buy a pet bear cub for her children, explaining: "I think that they're old enough now not to hurt the bear." —Hedda Hopper

Elizabeth Taylor was coming out of the studio when she was accosted by a very tiny fan who asked for her autograph and added: "Do you mind printing your name? I can't read writing yet." —Irving Hoffman

**Airlines**

Red Skelton says a radio comic is a guy with a good memory—who hopes you haven't. —*Phoenix Flame*

I once tried to enroll in Vassar—but I flunked my physical.

—Arthur Godfrey

In California, if you have television, the sun, and social security, you don't need anything else. —Fred Allen

**Radio Repeat**

Groucho Marx asked his occupation of a contestant, a man in his seventies.

"Train robber," replied the man solemnly.

"That's an odd one," commented Groucho. "Do you still practice it?"

"No," was the reply. "You see, I was sentenced to jail for life, but my sentence was commuted."

"How did you manage that?" asked Groucho.

"In jail," replied the ex-train robber, "you meet some mighty influential people." —Edward Tighe

**That's Show Business**

"You claim," said the producer, "that you have every qualification of a first-rate actor?"

"I lack only one thing," was the bland retort. "I am slightly deaf—the result of so much applause, y'know." —Walter Winchell

A famous Broadway actor went to Boston to play the lead in the tryout of a new play, which flopped dismally. "When I arrived, the Mayor presented me with the key to the city," he confided to friends afterward, "and a few days later they gave me the gate." —Paul Steiner

A ticket scalper is a man who enables you to see one show for the price of five. —*Wall Street Journal*

**Quick Quotes**

The only thing I like to hear a man say on the telephone is: "I'll be there in about five minutes."

—Paulette Goddard

Radio may be old hat, but television is certainly old movies.

—Tallulah Bankhead

"That backless, frontless, bottomless, topless evening gown I bought!" stormed Martha Raye. "I just found out it's a belt!" —Earl Wilson



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# The Porcupine: Nature's Freak

*by* BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

**Mr. Porky is a docile creature, but his sharp quills make him a formidable foe**

AFTER FISHING a forest stream one day last fall, I returned to my car to find half the steering wheel missing, the upholstery chewed up, wiring shredded. While I angrily took stock of this appalling vandalism, the little woodland character responsible for it perched in the top of a nearby tamarack, watching me calmly. It was a porcupine.

While the porcupine is known by name to everyone, the average person knows little else about this animated bundle of darts which ranges over the northern half of our continent. No animal holds a more unusual position in wildlife society.

Every ounce of energy in the porky's clumsy 10 to 25 pounds seems dedicated to feeding his bulging body. Head, eyes, and ears are small, body fat and heavy, legs short and bowed, feet flat and long-clawed for climbing. Encased in his bristling armament, he putters along, dragging his clublike tail, always in quest of something new to gnaw on, and plainly oblivious to danger.

I once laid my fishing rod against a stump and sat down on the bank to rest. Presently I looked around and to my horror saw a big porcupine munching placidly on the hand grip.

I leaped to the rescue, but the cornered "quill pig" hunched deep into his spiny robe. I picked up the rod and bowed out without argument.

The coat of the porky is soft and woolly underneath, overlaid with long, shining guard hairs. But nestled everywhere except on his stomach and legs are stiff, hollow, barbed spines—some 30,000 of them! When left alone, the porcupine is a most docile, comical, and unobtrusive creature. But his quills, in use, are not comical to hunting dogs and predatory animals. Even huge cougars have died of starva-



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tion, their mouths filled with festering quills.

These quills, up to five inches long and tapered to needle-sharp points, are nature's handicraft at its most ingenious. They feel smooth and hard, except at the tip, which is rough. Under a microscope, this roughness becomes a series of several dozen backward-pointing, overlapping barbs. Moistened by the flesh which they have entered, the tiny barbs expand and hold solidly. Muscular movement, as the recipient walks or tries to eat, keeps working the quills farther in.

Legend says that the porcupine throws its quill. But this is not so. When you approach a porky, he appears smooth-haired and sleek. But an amazing muscular sheet beneath the skin controls quill action. Alarmed, the porcupine flexes this enveloping muscle, and every quill flares upward, forming an impregnable defense.

I once witnessed how the little rodent brings off the illusion of "throwing" its quills. Waiting on a deer stand, I saw a porky nearby. Suddenly a young coyote appeared. The porky hunched, bristled. As the coyote darted in, the porcupine's powerful tail jerked upward, hitting the coyote under the jaw and pitching him forward. Then, with lightning speed, the porky hunched backward, driving the coyote's face into the crisscrossed quills. A careless observer could easily have "seen" the quills shoot into the air and stab the attacker.

IT IS THE PORCUPINE'S big, yellow, chisel-like teeth that cause man the most trouble. Immensely fond of the inner bark of spruce, hemlock, birch, and poplar trees, and maples when sap runs, the porky damages many valuable trees. An insatiable craving for salt leads him also into endless depredations around human habitations in wooded northern areas. Wherever a perspiring hand has touched, or grease spots have been left, Mr. Quillback goes into action with uncanny directness.

A city-bred friend of mine once started building a cabin on a northern lake. One night he left his axe set into a log. Porcupines chewed the handle off. Later, my friend left his ladder leaning against a tree. Next morning the bottom rungs of the ladder were gone.

Before the cabin was completed that fall, window and door sills had to be replaced three times. The final blow came when the man returned next spring. There was a hole in the roof of his cabin, and the interior was a shambles. Tables and chairs had all but disappeared, and the floor was a woodcarver's nightmare.

Baby porcupines are born fully quilled, eyes open, teeth ready to start gnawing. The comical youngster walks immediately, plays at hunching and switching his tail at imaginary dangers, and tries out twigs and plants only a few days after birth. Very soon he leaves his mother and becomes a lone wanderer, too.

One unwritten law of the forest says the porky should never be killed because it is the only meat a lost man can catch easily. But it is doubtful if any lost man owes his life to a porcupine. Hard-put trappers occasionally depend on one, though the meat of an adult



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porky is fat and strong and makes very poor eating.

The porky is invariably painted as one of the stupidest animals in the forest. A friend of mine, immobile on a deer stand, watched a big porcupine waddle up to him, place forepaws on the calf of one of his knee-high boots, and start gnawing away.

"Since I figured my hide was the inner bark he was after, I booted him off," the hunter said. "But he just sat back and stared, then went after the other 'sapling' gingerly, as if wondering if it would also jump around and hit him!"

Contradicting this seeming stupidity, however, are certain enigmatic facts that make one suspect Brother Quillback of simply playing dumb. For example, maple trees with porky scars made one year usually have scars made in following years, sometimes as many as 11. Each successive one is always *above* the one previously made.

Puzzling over this strange phenomenon, scientists found the answer. The inner bark carries the sap. Scarring of the inner bark makes a pocket where sugars flowing downward are stopped and collected. Thus, by returning each successive year to gnaw a new scar above the old, the porky always has a veritable storehouse of sweets awaiting him.

The porcupine has little if any value, except for the Indian art of weaving with dyed quills, but it is hard to imagine the forest without his quaint personality. Perhaps having him around is still worth something, both for laughs and exasperations when city-tired vacationers go into the woods—something that can't be counted in cash.

## How It Began

ON THE ARRIVAL of the prince consort in England, so the story goes, Queen Victoria gave him a bouquet of flowers. The prince, noted for his charming little courtesies, cut a hole in the lapel of his coat, and inserted a flower in it. This was the first lapel buttonhole, and tailors were quick to adopt the idea for all men's suits.

*—Sterling Sparks*

SCARCELY LESS interesting than the marvels of modern inventions is the manner in which they came into being. Take, for instance, the story of the young woman who suddenly had a desire for ice cream. At the time she was attending a picnic on an island, and the nearest frozen refreshment was two miles distant—on the mainland!

Gallantly her escort offered to obtain the ice cream, but it was a thoughtful young man who rowed four miles under a blazing sun to satisfy a feminine whim. "Why," he thought on his return trip, "can't someone hook up a small portable motor to a rowboat to eliminate the arduous labor of rowing?"

A year later Ole Evinrude had the motor—and another useful industry had been born.

P.S. He married the girl!

*—Christian Science Monitor*



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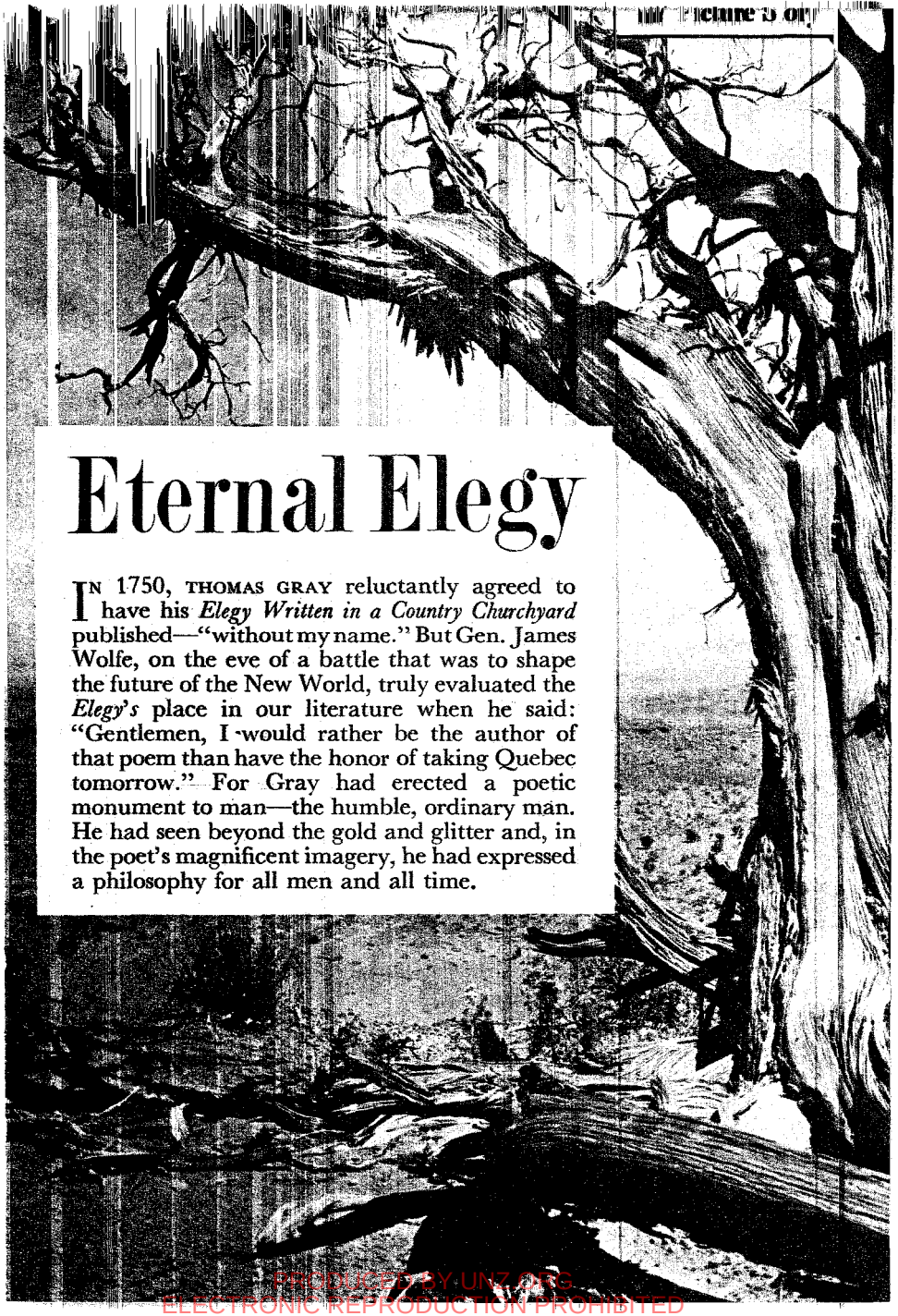

# Eternal Elegy

IN 1750, THOMAS GRAY reluctantly agreed to have his *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* published—"without my name." But Gen. James Wolfe, on the eve of a battle that was to shape the future of the New World, truly evaluated the *Elegy's* place in our literature when he said: "Gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than have the honor of taking Quebec tomorrow." For Gray had erected a poetic monument to man—the humble, ordinary man. He had seen beyond the gold and glitter and, in the poet's magnificent imagery, he had expressed a philosophy for all men and all time.

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The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,

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The Plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

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Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

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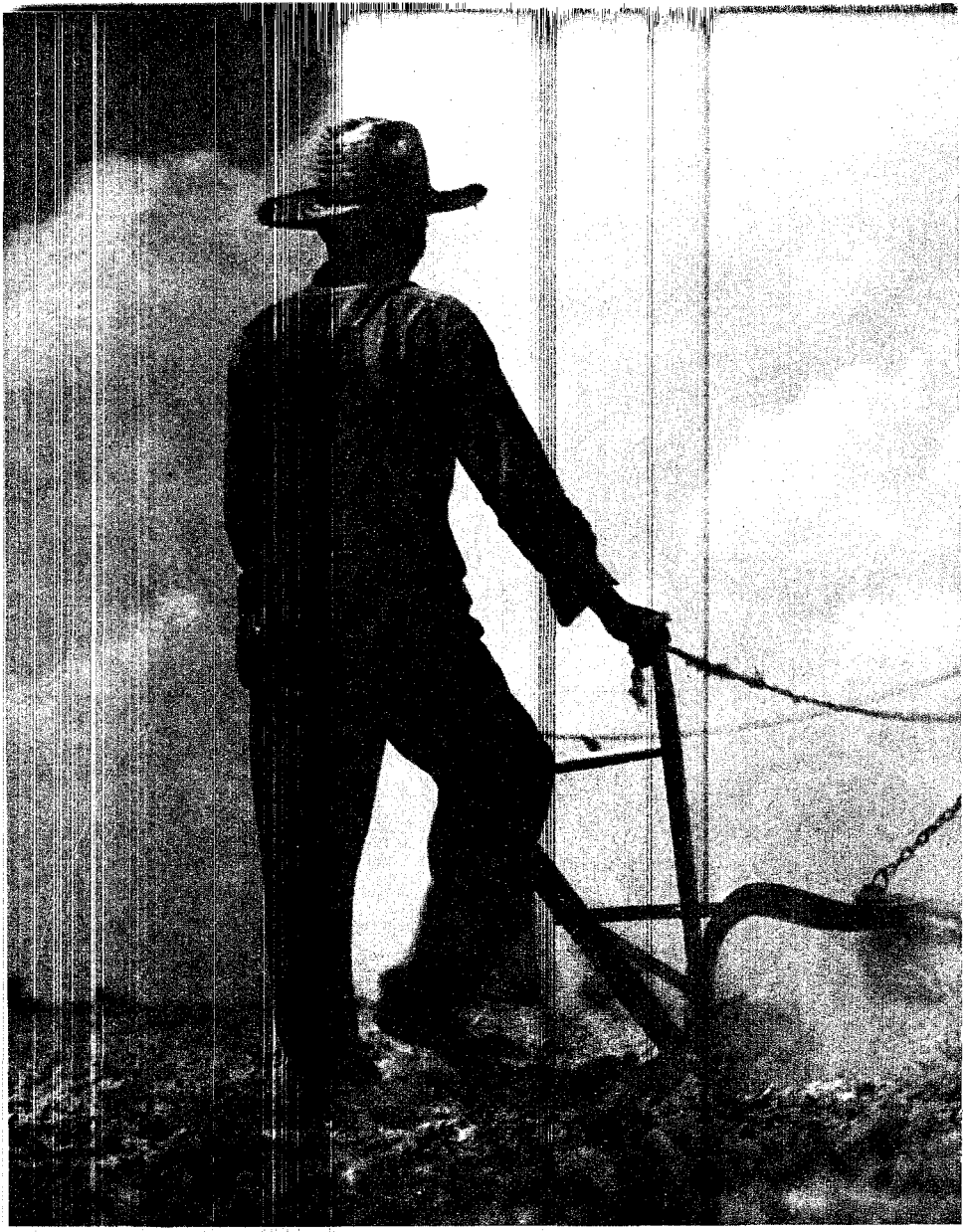

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;

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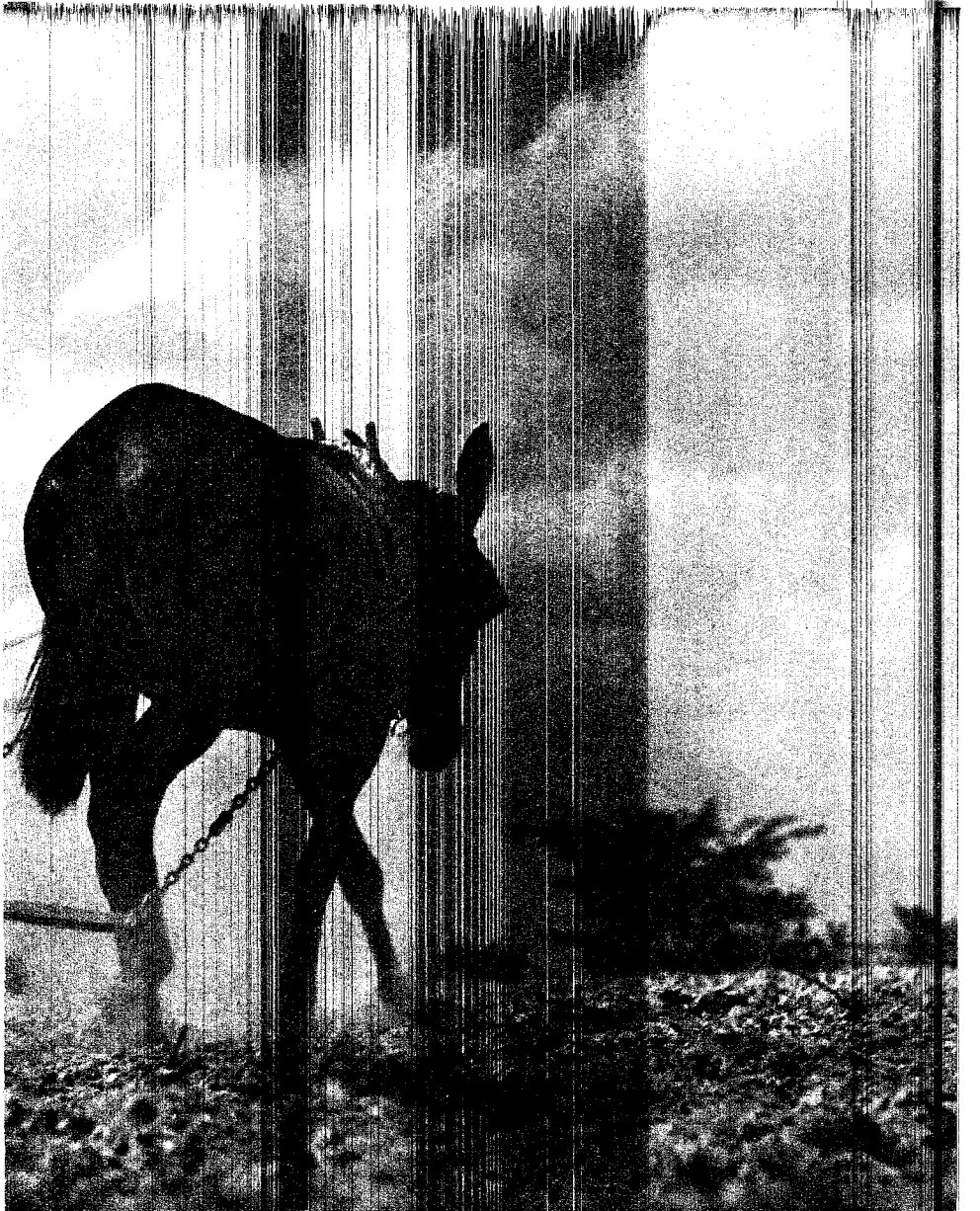

Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

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The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,

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Awaits alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

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But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did n'er unroll;

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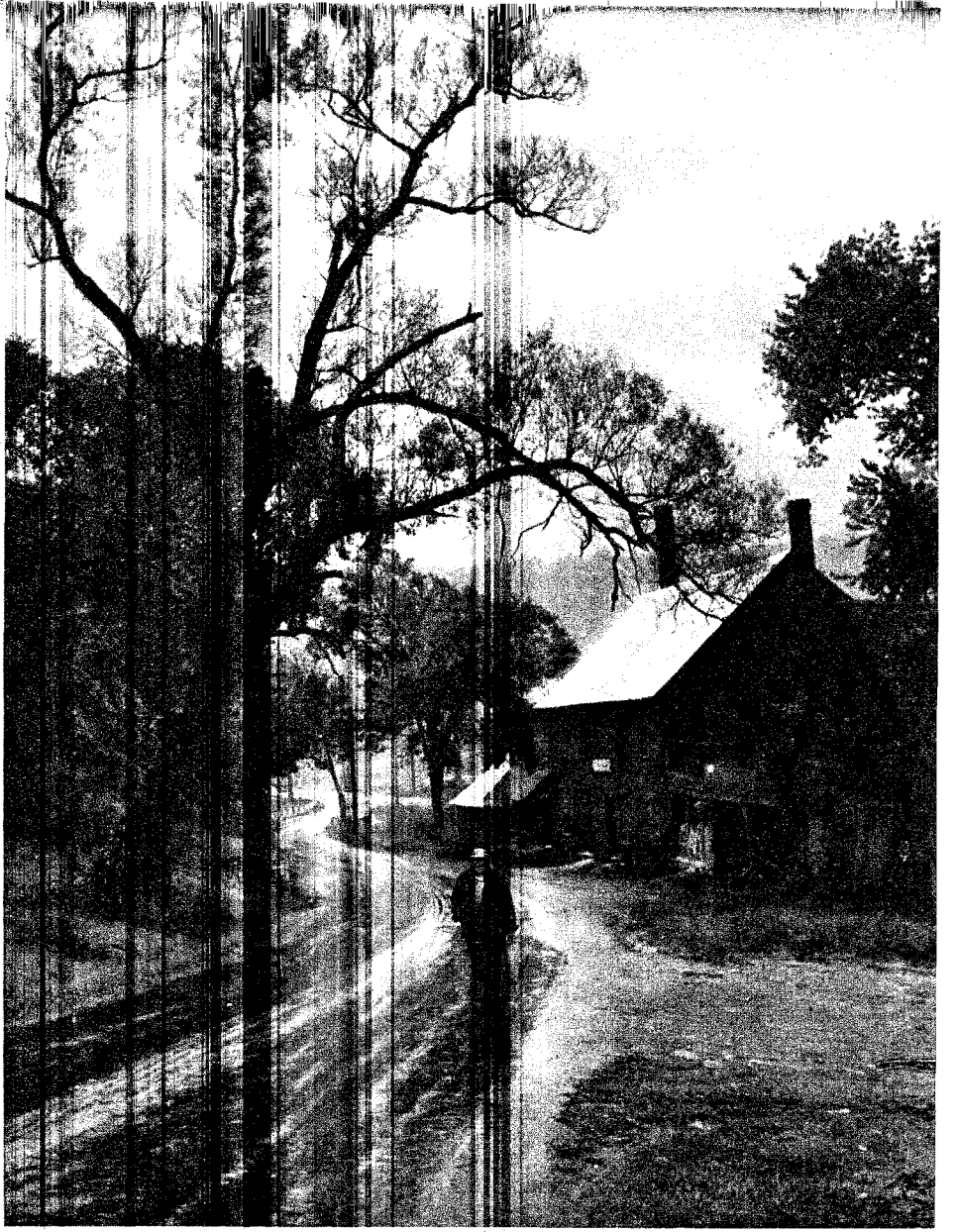

Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

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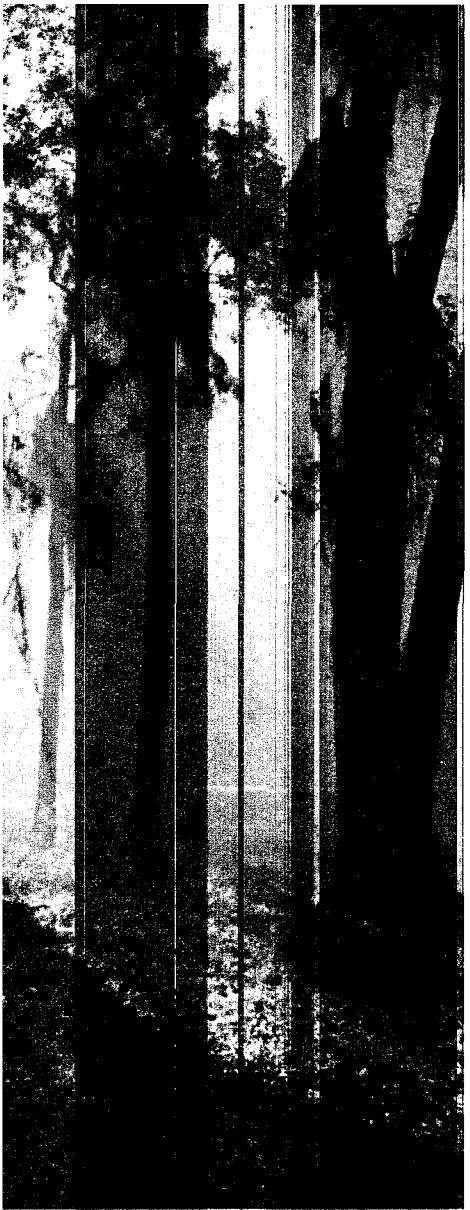

: madding crowd's ignoble strife,
wishes never learned to stray;

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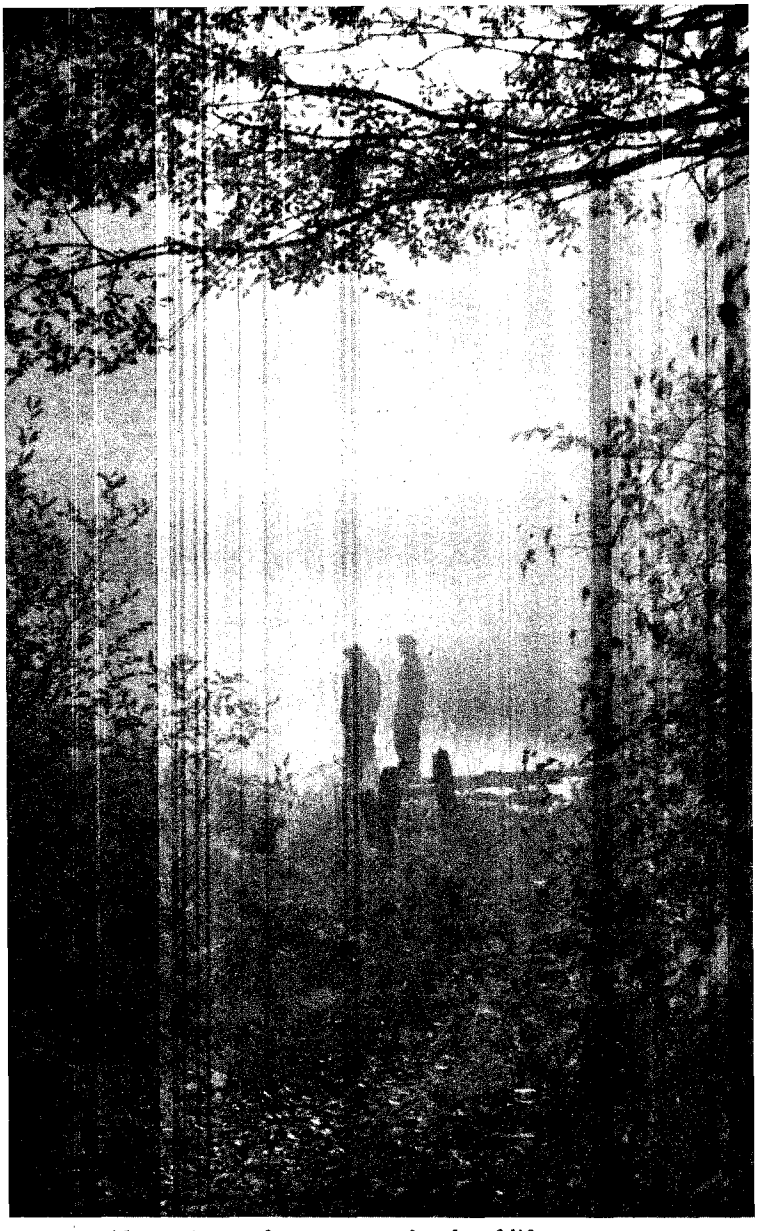

Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

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# SUPER-STORE FOR JERSEY SHOPPERS

*by* MORT WEISINGER

**At Packard's in Hackensack, you can buy anything from an aspirin to an automobile**

SHORTLY BEFORE last Christmas, a New Jersey infantryman who had lost both legs in Korea left the Rehabilitation Hospital on a pair of artificial limbs.

"I know you're eager to test out your new props, son," the Army physician cautioned him, "but for the first few days, limit your excursions to about 200 yards at a time."

His wallet fairly bulging with six months' pay and his heart with Christmas spirit, the GI headed his car straight for Packard's, a unique emporium in Hackensack, New Jersey. Arrived there, he embarked on a shopping operation which cannot be duplicated under any other single roof in the world.

His first stop was the juvenile department, where he bought toys for his son. Ten paces away, in Women's Wear, he selected a cashmere sweater for his wife. He made purchases in Music and Appliances; then, in fragrant-smelling Nursery, he ordered a bouquet of flowers. At the Liquor counter he selected several bottles of fine wine. Total distance traversed: 100 feet.

Next, at the store's own bakery, the GI bought a freshly baked cake. At Seafood he purchased live lobsters; a few feet away, a three-inch steak. At Vegetables he helped himself to Idaho potatoes and chestnuts; at Dairy, sweet cream; at Frozen Foods, corn on the cob.

An old Packard patron, the veteran had by no means completed his tour of the store. After paying for his purchases at the check-out counter, he visited the store's restaurant for lunch, topping it off with a brandy from the adjacent cocktail lounge.

Less than 50 feet away, in the Packard barbershop, he had a haircut. Next he stopped at the store's postal substation to send a gift money order to a needy buddy. He paused nostalgically as he passed the shoe-repair department, then went on to the drug counter with



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the prescription the Army doctor had given him.

Outside the store, the veteran drew up before one of Packard's gaily colored pumps for gasoline. All in all, he had spent less than 65 minutes, had consumed only 150 precious yards of floorwalking, and had dramatically illustrated how, at Packard's, one can do a maximum of marketing at a minimum of mileage.

At this miracle mart you can buy anything from an aspirin to an automobile. Packard's bulging shelves offer customers the foodstuff variety of a supermarket, the hardware and appliance items of a mail-order catalogue, the ready-to-wear apparel of a department store.

As a result, Packard's attracts bargain-worshipers from hundreds of miles around. Although the population of Hackensack is 27,000, more than 30,000 customers a day file into the store. On almost any given day, its 12 acres of parking space are jammed with automobiles bearing license plates from five neighboring states.

PACKARD'S is the brain child of Frank William Packard, who elected to make good on his own, though he was born into a wealthy family. In 1928, upon graduating from Yale University, 21-year-old Frank went to work for $27.50 a week in the Abraham & Straus department store in Brooklyn to learn merchandising. From there he moved to Bergman's in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, where he learned to handle a small business.

Five years later he came to Harper's, a supermarket in Hackensack which was in financial doldrums because of the Depression, and young Frank was able to purchase it for a song. The new owner saw salvation in the policy of operating at the lowest possible profit and the highest possible volume.

He achieved the volume by expanding his general store's inventory until it carried every conceivable type of merchandise under one roof, an unheard-of attraction at that time.

His store became one of the first markets to introduce pre-packaged meats. He effected economies by inaugurating self-service and, to speed customer turnover, introduced adding machines at the check-out counters. To reduce freight costs, Packard had a railroad siding run directly to the store—with the savings passed on to the consumers.

A few months after he took over, Packard noted that many housewives were visiting the store with their baby carriages, in which they blithely piled their purchases alongside Junior as they made their rounds. When Packard saw the envious faces of other shoppers, carrying their selections about in baskets, it gave him an idea.

Packard engaged a blacksmith to mount mesh baskets on broken-down baby carriages salvaged from junk yards. When these handy shopping carts were introduced in his store, they created a sensation.

Via newspaper ads and throw-away circulars, Packard kept pounding the theme that his store undersold competitors on all items. He hired a corps of comparison shoppers to aid in his relentless price war. Soon, Packard's was grossing $12,000,000 a year.

"The average department store



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throttles itself with too many non-profit services," he points out. "For example, charge accounts run up the cost of bookkeeping and involve costly correspondence. Gift-wrapping is another expensive service. We do not do anything like that—and our customers seem to like our policy."

Delivery service, too, is another item which adds to the average store's prices. Packard's makes it a steadfast rule never to make deliveries on any portable merchandise. Refrigerators, washing machines, and other heavy goods, however, are delivered without charge by contract carriers.

As a result of these techniques, Packard's overhead averages 8.2 per cent, as against the 18 per cent of comparable stores.

To trim costs further, Packard manufactures many of his own products. He offers his own brands of canned fruits and vegetables. His private blend of coffee is a world-wide favorite; a member of General Eisenhower's Paris staff orders several pounds a week.

Packard explains the success of his retail colossus with this simple but surprising formula: "The greatest requisite for good merchandising is a strong pair of feet."

He is so familiar with his store that employees boast he could walk blindfolded down its corridors and lay his hands on the pork and beans. Once, he personally candled 2,000 eggs to test their freshness. He insists that every single item carry a price mark, and he himself pokes around shelves and counters looking for the tags and crayon marks.

A stubborn fighter, Packard is inspired by red ink to merchandising magic. When the greenhouse failed to show a profit, he refused to abandon it. Instead, he got into his car, cruised the residential districts of Hackensack and vicinity, and made a survey of the type of shrubbery and flowers homeowners used to landscape their grounds. Armed with this information, he stocked up on their preferences. Since then the store's nursery has reaped a golden bonanza.

FRANK PACKARD moves at a pace that would exhaust younger men. Generally he arrives at the store before opening time, drinks coffee at his restaurant with his employees, and always picks up the check. His 380 employees get along like one big family.

Packard usually begins his day screening the mail for customers' complaints. Every letter is answered by two young women members of his staff, who call personally at the homes of the complainants and smooth things out. For the next hour he reads newsletters and analyses of sales trends.

Packard's biggest worry is that his store's mammoth size "prevents the heartbeats from reaching the extremities." To remedy this, at various periods during the day he stations himself near the check-out counters. As a result, many patrons know him personally.

Not long ago, one of his regular customers accosted him. "Mr. Packard," she began, "I want to tell you what happened to me at the check-out counter."

Packard raised his arm defensively. "Ruth," he said, "don't tell me you were short-changed!"

She nodded. Investigation showed



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that the price on a bag of pecans had been poorly marked and the checker had therefore unwittingly overcharged the customer. Packard rectified the error by giving her the pecans free.

Forty-six years old, Frank Packard can still wear suits he bought ten years ago without any of the buttons exhibiting the slightest pressure. He keeps in condition by horseback riding, and golfing consistently in the low 70s.

He is an excellent tennis player, an expert on rare prints, and considered to be one of the world's top wine tasters, but his favorite hobby is flying. A skilled pilot with hundreds of solo hours to his credit, Packard has chartered his sleek Beechcraft plane to such famous people as Bernard Baruch, Nelson Rockefeller, General Marshall, Hedy Lamarr, and Irving Berlin. On these flights he serves as copilot, with none of his celebrity passengers aware of his actual identity.

Packard derives a boyish thrill from rigidly adhering to the role of anonymous copilot. He takes the pilot's orders, totes passengers' luggage, and has never revealed to any of them that the night before he might have been sitting in the same restaurant a few tables away from them, dining with Mrs. Packard and their three children.

One evening recently, a woman customer at Packard's stopped before the long counter where an industrious man in shirt sleeves was busily stacking oranges into golden pyramids.

"How many hours a day do you work?" she inquired.

"About 12," said the man.

The woman grimaced. "They must be hard employers here, making you work that long."

"I wouldn't worry about it if I were you, ma'am," Frank Packard said. "You see, I own this place."

## Twist and Double Twist

DESPITE THEIR fanatical devotion to each other, the Dodge brothers, Horace and John, occasionally had epic altercations over seemingly trivial matters. One night a historic quarrel broke out between the motor magnates as to where they would go for a vacation aboard the palatial $300,000 yacht which they owned jointly.

The general idea was that John wanted to sail to Georgian Bay and then on to Lake Superior, while Horace preferred to go in the other direction, ending up at the Thousand Islands.

With a mighty oath John shouted, "All right. There's only one way to settle this. I'll match you for the boat!"

John tossed a coin and Horace won the yacht.

"Blast it!" John exclaimed. "Now I'll have to go along with you to the Thousand Islands."

"Oh, no," Horace replied stiffly. "You'll be my guest, so I'll have to take you to Georgian Bay."

—*Get a Horse* by M. M. Musselman (Lippincott)



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# Where There's a Will

*by* CHARLES GRANT

OVERNIGHT, Thérèse Daurignac became big news. Headlines proclaimed: "Rich American's Fortune Left to French Peasant."

It was true, young Thérèse told reporters. Last year in her humble cottage, she had nursed Robert Henry Crawford to recovery from a severe illness. Afterwards, she heard nothing from him. And now he had died and left her his entire fortune—20 million dollars!

Thérèse soon heard from Crawford's two nephews.

"The will sent to Mademoiselle Daurignac was not the final one," they said. "A later will leaves her only part of the fortune. We intend to contest her claim to the fortune. But we agree that she can retain the 20 million dollars in securities until the case is settled."

The securities were sealed in a strongbox under the watchful eye of witnesses. The suit began. But this did not stop Thérèse.

That fall of 1877, Thérèse became the sensation of France. Then, she married Frédéric Humbert, son of a French senator. Next, she began to borrow money—payable upon the conclusion of her court actions.

However, each time the courts decided in favor of Thérèse, the Crawford nephews appealed. For more than 20 years, the case appeared on court dockets—and Thérèse's borrowing soared to 11 million dollars!

In 1898, one creditor, impatient for his money, decided to investigate Thérèse's claims. What he discovered created such chaos that one creditor committed suicide and others threatened to do so. A court injunction ordered the opening of the sealed strongbox: it contained only a worthless share in a mining company, some empty envelopes, a few Italian coins—and a steel button.

The creditor's findings also resulted in the arrest of Thérèse and her accomplices.

Thus, because of the suspicions of one man, a great hoax ended, for the creditor discovered that the millionaire Robert Henry Crawford had never even existed!

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL NONNAST

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**In her fabulous career, "The Songbird of the South" has become an American legend**

# why KATE SMITH sings to millions

*by* **SAM BOAL**

JUST 21 YEARS AGO last May 1st, a plump, friendly, and unknown vocalist stepped before an NBC microphone and sang a few sentimental songs. Since then, the following things—all of them unprecedented and a few of them unbelievable—have happened.

She has earned slightly more than $30,000,000 gross. She has been on the air longer consecutively than anyone in the history of radio, having completed some 8,000 radio and 300 TV programs.

She has caused uncountable sums of money to flood into various charities. She has turned herself into a homespun philosopher whose counsel is attended every week by millions of fans; probably 25,000,000 people see or hear her every day.

She set a record at New York's Palace Theater, the shrine of vaudeville, which was surpassed only by Judy Garland's 19-week run. An issue of *Variety* has been dedicated to her because she has become "a genuine fable." She has received some 22,000,000 fan letters.

During World War II, she traveled upwards of 90,000 miles entertaining troops; launched four ships and 14 bombers; and herself sold war bonds worth more than $600,000,000, an incredible feat.

This singer has become so completely a part of the U. S. that in 1939, when President Roosevelt introduced her to the visiting King George and Queen Elizabeth of England, he said very simply: "This is Kate Smith; this is America!"

The fact that Kate could have accomplished these various marvels is in itself astonishing. But it is even more astonishing when you realize that she accomplished them with almost all the odds of show business against her.

To begin with, Kate Smith is no pin-up girl, nor has she gained her success by easy sex appeal. Kate is a big woman: she weighs 235 pounds and she has never denied it. More-



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over, this world-renowned singer does not even have a great voice. She has a good voice, which is as clear as a mountain brook, and her tone is so perfect that a band leader once sent her a tuning fork wrapped in a rose, with the plea that she test it to see if it were in pitch.

The secret of Kate's success is not hard to analyze. It springs from two qualities which are as much a part of her as a purr is part of a kitten. The first, and most important, is her sincerity. When Kate sings *Good Night, Sweetheart*, not only do sweethearts believe her, but so do old bachelors and confirmed spinsters.

Not only does this quality of basic sincerity come through in her singing, it also comes through in her non-singing programs. People believe what she says. This quality, almost priceless to sponsors, is what has made her the biggest money-maker of them all for the networks —around $10,000,000 a year.

The second quality is her voice itself. Kate sings a song in her quiet, clear, friendly voice—and people love it. No one understood this quality better than Leopold Stokowski, the eminent symphony conductor. Kate had agreed to sing at a benefit performance of the Philadelphia Symphony, and when she arrived for rehearsal Stokowski asked what she proposed to sing.

"*My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice*," she replied, "and then, *When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain*."

Stokowski turned the color of his famous white hair. The first number, from Saint-Saëns *Samson and Delilah*, was familiar enough. But for the Philadelphia Orchestra to try *Moon* was a bit like asking them to play *Sugar Blues* at a fraternity dance. But a benefit is a benefit, and Stokowski knew Kate would draw thousands of listeners. So the Philadelphia picked up the strange music. Kate, though she has never formally studied music, is nevertheless a stern taskmaster with her accompanists, and she insisted that the orchestra play *Moon* several times until they held one note just the way she wanted it.

Kate sang her two songs and was a tumultuous success. After the concert, Stokowski put his arm around her. "Don't ever let anyone tell you to change the voice that God gave you," he told Kate. "It would be a great loss to the world."

Another characteristic of Kate's voice is that by refusing to use it except as a vehicle for melodious and tender songs, she has made it as recognizable to most people as the voice of a relative. Most popular singers will leap from ballad to rumba to novelty to waltz, all of them in varying tempos. But Kate persistently refuses to "torch up" a song or sing a bouncy arrangement.

Kate herself is well aware of the value of her voice and what she can do with it. "I'm big, and I sing, and boy, when I sing, I sing all over," she explained recently.

THE SMITH VOICE was actually very tardy in being heard. Kate, for some reason, didn't utter a word during the first four years of her life, a condition which both she and her mother now agree has been satisfactorily remedied.

She was born Kathryn Elizabeth Smith on May 1, 1909, in Greenville, Virginia. Though she was actually raised in Washington, D.C., radio people seized on her birth-



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place to bill her as "The Songbird of the South."

Her father was a newsdealer and Kate's early years were not exactly luxurious. She had one sister (a girl who today, incidentally, weighs 91 pounds), and Kate had a childhood which she recalls as being perfectly normal except for those four years of silence.

After that, Kate began to sing just as naturally and as tirelessly as a bird. She recalls vividly singing for World War I soldiers in and around Washington when she was eight. In those days her repertoire was meager: it consisted of *Keep the Home Fires Burning*. But it was for these tiny-girl services to the troops that she got her first military medal, and she got it from General Pershing.

For five years she sang in choirs, then in various vaudeville halls around Washington. But going to school by day and singing by night was too great a strain on Kate's mother—though not on Kate herself—so Kate quit her infant career and went on with school, which she hated. (She still can't spell, and constantly mispronounces words on the air.)

Then suddenly, at 16, she enrolled in a nursing course. After nine months she quit to return to the stage, and she hasn't been in a schoolroom since, except to entertain children.

Kate met A. L. Erlanger, the theatrical producer, after he had seen and liked her act at a Washington theater. He persuaded her to come to New York. She was then almost as bulky as she is today, but Erlanger thought the crystal clarity of her voice would overcome the admitted handicap of her size.

He was wrong; she got a job in New York, not despite her bulk but because of it, under the preposterous name of "Tiny Little." Her function was not only to sing but to act as a sitting duck for lame jokes about her girth. A small role in the musical success *Hit the Deck* led to a $500-a-week part in *Flying High*, which starred Bert Lahr.

She was a big hit, but she was miserable; after each performance she went back to her dressing room and cried. The theory in the show was that everybody loved a fat girl; the fact was that everybody loved the fat girl—except the fat girl.

It was then that a man named Ted Collins entered her life, and completely changed it. Collins was a talent scout for Columbia Records and as part of his duties he saw a performance of *Flying High*.

Collins, being a record man, heard where others saw. So while the rest of the audience was laughing at the fat girl, Collins was listening to her sing. Out of this fact grew one of the most unusual relationships in show business.

After the performance, Collins went backstage and told Kate he thought she had a magnificent voice for records.

"What kind of records?" she asked indifferently. "Comedy records? Jokes about my size?"

"No," Collins said. "These would be records of you singing. No jokes. Just you singing. What do you say?"

"What do I say?" she cried. "I say yes!" At which instant she burst into tears, grasped Collins' hand, and between sobs told him how happy he had made her.

That night they entered into an oral 50-50 contract which, in all the



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years since, has never been put on paper. Millions of dollars have been affected by it, but neither of them has ever thought of amending it.

The relationship of Ted Collins and Kate Smith appears to puzzle many people. Some say he exercises a sinister Svengali-Trilby influence over her, but this is not true. The nearest approach to an understanding of the Kate-Ted relationship is that it began, rather emotionally, when a young singer found a friend who admired and respected her as —a young singer.

Collins is not her father, nor her boy friend, nor her brother. He is her partner in business, and his faith in her—and hers in him—has stood up from the very beginning.

KATE'S FIRST RECORDS were—as Collins anticipated—a huge success, and within a few months he was preparing her for the then comparatively new field of radio. Kate herself helped to write the lyrics for *When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain* and she suggested the now-familiar "Hello, everybody" and her "Thanks for listenin'."

Two weeks after the show went on the air, she had a sponsor. She has had one ever since, and today an arm-long list of sponsors impatiently waits to be allowed a chance on her programs.

Ted and Kate have not only made radio history but have changed it as well. In 1933, they put on their first hour-long variety show. Kate began the now-common practice of exchanging stars and of taking her listeners, via radio, to different American cities.

In 1938, Collins decided to put her on a show without any singing. "Network officials had thought I was crazy before," he recollects. "But this time they were sure of it."

However, "Kate Smith Speaks" was—in the Kate Smith tradition—another success. Kate is not a profound thinker, nor even an original one. But audiences—and sponsors —loved her friendly comments.

Nearly two years ago, Ted and Kate made their debut on TV and again were hits. The show had the same ingredient: sincerity, but not studied sincerity. Just Kate Smith sincerity.

Recently, in making some recordings for use in Korea, Kate hesitated some time about deciding what she should sing. Her orchestra leader grew impatient. "After all, Kate," he said, motioning to his orchestra, "I've got 20 men waiting here."

"There are a lot of men waiting in Korea, too," she said mildly.

Most people associate Kate more with *God Bless America* than with any other song. One day she casually asked Irving Berlin to write a patriotic melody for her, when he got the time. He came back a few days later with the music.

"Holy cow!" she cried (Kate is given to phrases like that), "even Irving Berlin couldn't write a song that fast!"

Berlin smiled cryptically, and they tried it out.

Kate sang it first on Armistice Day in 1938; the combination of the song and the girl who was singing it was irresistible. It wasn't until after the premiere that Berlin told her he had written *God Bless America* 19 years before, but had put it aside, forgetting it until Kate made her request.

From the very start, both Kate



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and Berlin agreed not to touch a penny of royalties from *God Bless America*. So far, it has earned about $125,000 for charity.

KATE SMITH TODAY is pretty. Her complexion is out of an advertisement, and her hair—of which she is slightly vain—tumbles about her shoulders in a running cascade. She doesn't wear make-up, except for her TV shows. Her feet are small, and she moves about with delicate accuracy.

Her life is principally devoted to her work. About 350 staff members are concerned with getting her radio and TV shows onto the ether, and Kate moves among all these people with precise grace. She never miscues, never plays too long and never plays too short.

When she is not working, she goes home to the unpretentious Park Avenue apartment she shares with her mother. She doesn't drink, but cheerfully tolerates guests who do. She objects, however, to swearing, and her pale blue eyes flash angrily at even the mildest kind.

In the summer, Kate drives to Lake Placid, and she drives fast. There she leaps gaily into her speedboat and propels it about the lake as fast as it can go. She plays golf at Lake Placid, but not very well. In the winter, she skis. And to questions as to whether she wants a husband, she has a stock reply.

"Yes," she replies smilingly, "but I am opposed to early marriages."

Kate is not vain, but at the same time she is not suspiciously modest. She knows what she has done and her success has given her solid satisfaction. But a comparatively recent change in the billing given her by her network has pleased her as much as anything in the last few years. The network stopped calling her "The Songbird of the South."

"Weren't they sweet?" she smiles rather shyly. "They said it would be more appropriate if I belonged to the whole country—that it would make *God Bless America* mean more."

## Traffic Training for the Tricycle Set

TRAIN the small fry while they're still on tricycles and you nip in the bud future could-be traffic violators. If you want to know how it's done, look at Vancouver, Washington. One of the schools has a real-looking downtown intersection set up in the gym. It includes sidewalks, streets, traffic lanes, stop lines, and even a traffic signal. Youngsters from kindergarten age up are taught proper signaling, how to execute turns, what traffic rules are involved. A policeman from the traffic department does the teaching.

There follow real driving tests on tricycle "cars." The policeman and the side-line small fry spot the violations. Finally, there is an oral test on what has been taught.

Officials say the plan is well worth the little trouble it takes. So maybe it's an idea for your town.

—*Changing Times*, the Kiplinger Magazine



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# Wedding Wisdom

Garry Moore, popular CBS television star (Monday—Friday, 1:30 P.M. EDST.), becomes a marriage expert for this quiz. He wants to test your knowledge of wedding customs. The 15 questions below deal with old marriage traditions. If you get 12 of them correct, you can qualify as a marriage consultant; 10 correct, and you can still give free advice; but if you can answer fewer than that, you should consult an expert. Answers are on page 126.

1. The word *wed* (ding) meant a
   a. purchase; b. dowry; c. pledge.
2. Wedding music was usually a
   a. chorus; b. flute; c. drum.
3. Drinking together after the ceremony was a means of
   a. strengthening the union; b. rejoicing; c. wishing the bride and groom well.
4. The wedding cake was
   a. the special pastry of the village baker; b. dry biscuits broken over the head of the couple; c. a gift from Marie Antoinette.
5. In early New England a girl was an "ancient maid" at
   a. 21; b. 25; c. 30.
6. The loose hair worn by a bride was a sign of
   a. youth; b. innocence; c. freedom.
7. Honeymoon refers primarily to
   a. the trip planned by the newlyweds; b. the first month after marriage; c. the ancient idea that bees symbolize fertility.
8. In days of yore an unmarried woman of 30 was known as
   a. a thornback; b. an unclaimed blessing; c. a mossback.
9. The cap or tiara began life as a garland of flowers representing the bride's
   a. love for the simple, rural life; b. queenliness in her new role; c. victory over temptation.
10. In some parts of early New England, a bachelor was forbidden to
    a. keep house; b. own property; c. hold public office.
11. In early weddings the absence of gloves proclaimed a
    a. maiden; b. widow; c. girl previously engaged to someone else.
12. The custom of leap-year proposals by women
    a. became traditional when woman suffrage was established in the U. S.; b. came into practice with our present calendar; c. was established by law in Scotland, and spread to other countries.
13. A coin broken between lovers was a
    a. promise to share earthly goods equally; b. testimony of faith; c. token of disdain for material wealth.
14. A bridal knot was a ribbon
    a. worn as a favor by the wedding guests; b. symbolizing a bond; c. restraining the long, loose hair of the bride.
15. The first civil marriages in England were celebrated about
    a. 1698; b. 1558; c. 1653.



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THEY WERE giving away balloons at a local store and the place was crowded with children, all anxious to receive one of the playthings. As one small boy came up to the clerk, he asked politely if he might have two balloons.

"I'm sorry," was the reply, "but we only give one balloon to each boy. Have you a brother at home?"

The youngster was truthful, but he did want another balloon.

"No," he said, "but my sister has, and I want one for him."

A WIFE to whom golf was a total mystery never could understand why her husband insisted on tiring himself by walking so far every time he played.

One day, she went with him to see what the game was all about. She followed him until he landed in a bunker. There he floundered about for some time, in the sand.

The lady seated herself on top of the bunker, took out her knitting, and said complacently: "There, I knew you could just as well play in one place if you made up your mind to!" —*Wall Street Journal*

THE YOUNG COUPLE had just eloped, and the new bride held a telegram in her hand. "Why, it's from Papa!" she said.

"What does he say?" asked the bridegroom eagerly.

Slowly the bride read: "Do not come home and all will be forgiven."

—*Illustrated Weekly of India*

TWO COEDS were discussing the difficulties of the English language. "Why," said one, "I knew a girl who came to this country from France, and before she could learn enough English to tell the fellows she wasn't that kind of a girl, she was one." —PATRICIA GATELY

THE YOUNG DAUGHTER of the house asked her mother what "vice" meant. Her mother tactfully explained that it meant doing bad things—and why did she want to know, anyway?

"Oh," said the youngster, with anticipatory excitement in her eyes, "I've just been elected vice-president of my club." —*Horizons*

A CONSTANTLY nagging wife had a momentary change of heart and bought her husband two neckties for his birthday. Finding them on his dresser, the surprised husband put one on and came down to the dining room for breakfast.

"Humph!" his wife snorted. "So you don't like the other one?"

—*Lithographer's Journal*

SOME RECRUITS just never seem to catch on to Army routine, which isn't particularly involved.

One such draftee was unusually slow in throwing himself into training, and the commanding officer sent for him.



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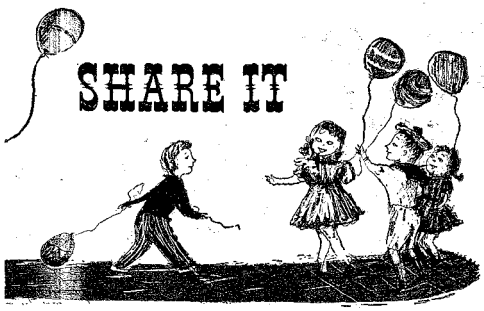


"Tell me, what do you think of the Army?" he asked.

"I may learn to like it," the soldier replied, "but right now I think there's too much fussing around between meals!" —Louisville *Courier-Journal*

A LADY WHO had toured through California was discussing her trip with a native son. Pronouncing the J as in Joseph, she mentioned visiting San José.

"Madam," he corrected her sharply, "it's San Hosé. In California we pronounce the j as h."

After he had given her time to recover, he asked when she had visited California.

She replied pointedly, "Why I was out there in Hune and Huly."

—Austin J. App, *Making Good Talk* (Bruce)

IT HAPPENED in a Hollywood gift shop. A well-known producer had just selected a fountain pen for his son's Christmas gift.

"It's a surprise, I suppose," said the clerk.

"I'll say it is!" replied the filmahatma. "He's expecting a convertible coupé." —Irving Hoffman

"NOW TELL ME about the dream you had," the psychiatrist said to the young lady on the couch.

"Well, I dreamed I was walking down the street with nothing on but a hat."

"And you were embarrassed?" suggested the doctor.

"Indeed I was!" agreed the lady. "It was last year's hat."

—Atlanta *Constitution*

THE SHOEMAKER was explaining to a complaining customer the reason for the poor quality of his soles. "All the good leather," he said, "is going into steaks." —*Quote*

A RUSSIAN who had escaped through the Iron Curtain was undergoing a routine search and interrogation.

"What's this?" the police asked, when they found a bottle of pills.

"Oh, that's my cure for headaches," the Russian said.

"And what's this?" they asked about another bottle of pills.

"That's my cure for toothache."

They came to a picture of Stalin and demanded: "But what's this?"

"That," said the Russian, "is my cure for homesickness." —*Tit-Bits*

"HOW ARE YOU getting along in your driving?" inquired an interested friend of the novice.

"Oh, fine," she bragged. "Yesterday I went 50 miles an hour, and tomorrow I'm going to try opening my eyes when I pass another car."

—General Features Corp.

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Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.



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# WHAT IS

*by* NORMAN AND MADELYN CARLISLE

**What is the amazing power of the human mind to bridge time and space? Science is making progress in its search for the answer**

WHAT HAPPENED to Laura Edmunds? Answer that question and you may have solved one of the most profound mysteries of the universe.

Laura Edmunds, an attractive young woman in her mid-twenties, was chatting in the living room with her family when a Greek man named Evangelides stopped by with a letter of introduction to her father.

As the man entered the room, Laura stared at him strangely for a few moments. Suddenly, to everybody's astonishment, she began to talk to this total stranger in Greek, *a language which she did not know!*

At first, the visitor was delighted. Then, as words continued to pour from Laura's lips, he burst into tears. The girl had told him that his son, thousands of miles away in Greece, had died.

This fact was later confirmed. But how did Laura Edmunds know it? How did she suddenly acquire the ability to tell the father about it, in his own language? She laid no claim whatever to any psychic power; she had never before experienced anything like this happening. Yet there is no question that it did happen.

What is the amazing power that enabled the girl's mind to transcend space and time and the limitations of her own brain? Though science has no single, simple answer, new discoveries at Harvard, Duke, and Oxford Universities are mapping out the strange world of telepathy. For the first time, there are scientists who boldly assert that telepathy may be a universal power of the mind that man has forgotten how to use.

Perhaps, they say, it isn't even



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# TELEPATHY ?

limited to human beings, but may be possessed by animals as well. More amazing than that, they aver that telepathy, or a related ability, actually gives the mind power over matter!

In England recently, famed biologist A. C. Hardy expressed the startling idea that telepathy might be the factor that would account for the process by which life forms have evolved on earth.

What has always baffled scientists is the speed with which animals have adopted improvements. Professor Hardy's idea is that when one creature found a better way to do something, his knowledge may have been flashed telepathically to others of the species.

For instance, if a certain bird that usually ate insects on the surface of bark discovered he could do a better job by probing with his beak, telepathic messages from him might quickly tell other birds about the trick.

Perhaps this explains the flabbergasting business of England's bottle-opening birds. Thirty years ago, a few members of the tit family discovered that they could remove the tops of milk bottles on doorsteps and sip the contents. Now sparrows, blackbirds, starlings, and robins, in many different parts of England, have learned to do the same thing. But how?

As soon as they admit the possibility of telepathy in lower creatures, scientists find themselves faced with an equally intriguing possibility. Can there be telepathic communication between men and animals? Some form of mental communication seems the only way to explain the horses of Elberfeld, which otherwise remain a complete mystery.

Around the turn of the century, in Elberfeld, Germany, an announcement was made that a man named Karl Krall had taught two horses how to read and do mathematical problems. To permit conversation between the horses and himself, Krall had devised a system of hoof-tapping, the horse rapping with his left hoof for tens, the right hoof for units. Thus the number 33 would be indicated by three taps with the left, three with the right. For words, letters were placed in numbered squares, the horses indicating each square by an appropriate number of taps.

A problem in arithmetic would be chalked on the blackboard, the horse would study it for a moment, then rap out an answer. A mathematician wrote the number 7,890,481 and asked Muhamed, one of the horses, to give the *fourth* root. Almost instantly the horse tapped out the correct answer—53.

The animal could not have been specially trained to answer that particular problem, which no one but the mathematician had known in advance. His master was not



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even present. Yet either the horse performed the 18 multiplications, ten subtractions, and three divisions in exactly five seconds—or his mind picked up the answer telepathically. This was just one of hundreds of similar feats in which the most skeptical investigators could find no trickery.

The idea that telepathy is an ability found throughout nature—an ability that perhaps civilized man no longer knows how to use—is evidenced by scientific studies of primitive tribes. Dr. J. B. Laubscher, noted psychiatrist-anthropologist, was so impressed by what he had seen among South African tribesmen that he asked a native witch doctor, Solomon Daba, to submit to a formal test.

Solomon agreed, and on a trip from Queenstown to Daba's kraal, 60 miles away, Dr. Laubscher bought a small purse which he wrapped in brown paper and buried in a secluded spot. Above it he placed a flat brown stone and over it a gray one. Then he drove at 30 miles an hour in his automobile to Solomon's kraal.

No one had been told of Laubscher's purchase, no one had seen him bury it; runners could not possibly have outdistanced his car. Yet Solomon Daba was able to describe every detail of the purchase, the spot at which the purse was buried, and even the color of the rocks placed above it.

MEDICAL RECORDS are full of cases in which people who lacked even ordinary intelligence still had remarkable telepathic powers. Consider the case of Ilga K., the feeble-minded young Lithuanian girl who astounded the scientific world 20 years ago.

At the age of eight, when admitted to school, she had the vocabulary of a child of two. Her teacher was staggered when one day Ilga began to read a book fluently. A few minutes later she went back to her usual stumbling progress.

Then the bewildered teacher discovered the explanation and went rushing to consult medical authorities. When he looked at a passage and read it to himself, the girl could repeat it word for word!

Dr. Ferdinand von Neurieter, professor of medicine at the University of Riga, soon found that Ilga's powers were far more remarkable than those reported by the teacher. When her mother sat in another room and read to herself words in French, English, German, or even Latin—languages which the girl did not know—the child could repeat the passages, making exactly the same mistakes her mother naturally made in trying to read unfamiliar words.

In the curious results of certain physical injuries, scientists get another hint that telepathic ability is a mysterious extra sense that is simply waiting to be used. Take the carefully studied case of Dr. Franz Polgar, who, during World War I, was buried alive for three days. When he came to, he made an astonishing discovery. He could pick up other people's thoughts!

All doubts as to Dr. Polgar's ability were settled in 1936, when he confounded a group of scientists in a series of tests. In one, the scientists sat in a room while one of them thought of a command he



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wanted Dr. Polgar to carry out. When Polgar came in, he promptly walked across the room and picked out a particular file folder.

The scientists made no comment, so he picked up and laid down the folder five times. Finally, bewildered, he said: "I can't get away from that folder." Then it was explained that the command had been kept the same to confuse him.

Scientists theorize that the development of our "five senses" came after human beings had already developed telepathic abilities. Perhaps, they suggest, men have lost their telepathic powers because they are too dependent on the other senses. Medical men have found some baffling cases which indicate a relationship between these other senses and telepathic powers.

There was, for instance, the staggering case which confronted Dr. Alexis Carrel. He was naturally incredulous when he heard of a man who believed he could see with his fingers. Nevertheless, when Carrel tested the man, the famous scientist was stunned to discover that the man certainly could see without use of his eyes.

When Carrel stood across the room and moved the hands of a watch, the man was able to tell him exactly the time indicated, although his back was turned. There was no way in which his eyes could have seen the object. There was no possible trickery involved because he had held his hand behind his back. How *did* he do it?

WITH THEIR DEEPENING conviction that telepathy is a widespread mental power, possessed by everyone, scientists are conducting experiments that will provide a clearer picture of how it works.

They now feel sure that it is no ordinary electrical radiation. It just does not obey the laws of physics. All known types of radiation, for instance, lose their strength in proportion to distance. However, tests in which messages have been sent telepathically across the ocean reveal that researchers get the same results they do when sitting across the room from each other.

In an amazing test conducted in New York by the American Society for Psychical Research, Dr. J. Hettinger and Mrs. L. A. Dale looked at advertisements chosen at random from American magazines. In London, two recipients tried to pick up the impressions. Observers stood by with stop watches to time the exact moment at which the messages were sent and received.

Although some failed to come through, the reports on many of the picture-impressions were startlingly accurate. In a cosmetic ad, showing some glass jars with a lady's hand poised between the third and fourth, the recipient reported, "Glass jars. I want to take the fourth one."

In another test, using clippings from a magazine, a picture of Joe Louis brought the comment: "Two men in an attitude of boxing." A picture of a church with a stained-glass window, a robed choir, but with few people in the congregation brought the statement: "Something made of glass . . . a choir boy's surplice . . . expected a lot of people, only a handful turned up."

Researchers may have turned up the most remarkable mental power of all in their search for the answer



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to an amazing question. Can the mind do more than project messages—can it actually exercise some kind of physical force that gives it power over matter? Evidence is piling up that this miracle, disturbing as it is to many of our scientific notions, does exist.

At the National Laboratory of Psychical Research in England, a group of scientists gathered to witness the strange powers of a nurse, Stella C. She was able, she believed, to make distant objects move by simply willing them to do so.

Here in the laboratory, wide-eyed witnesses, in a situation where trickery was impossible, watched the scientists rig a light bulb which could be turned on only by a switch over which they placed first a soap bubble, then a glass shade. There was no way the switch could be pushed to turn on the light without first removing the shade and breaking the bubble. The device sat in plain sight of all present, well out of reach of the young nurse.

Then, to the astonishment of the skeptical men of science, the impossible happened. The glass did not move; the fragile bubble remained unbroken. Yet the bulb flashed on!

Thoughts through space? Mind over matter? Once such ideas were greeted with derision. Now, in the face of mounting evidence, science is beginning to take them seriously. It humbly admits that we just do not know what limits there are to "the reach of the mind."

## Friendship Is a Habit

AN ELDERLY MAN of the hard-shell philosopher type operates a filling station outside San Francisco. A motorist stopped at his place one morning to make inquiries about a resort up the Redwood Highway.

"I've been at Santa Cruz for the past two weeks," the motorist said. "Had a wonderful time there—nice people and a nice place."

The operator of the gas station assured him that he would also like the people at the resort up the highway.

An hour later another man came by, inquiring about the same Redwood Highway resort. He complained that thus far on his trip he had "had a terrible two weeks"—inhospitable people and poor accommodations.

"You won't like it up there," the station operator told the second motorist bluntly.

As the second motorist drove on, I asked the operator why he had changed his attitude so quickly about the resort.

"I ain't changed my attitude," he replied. "I just was sure neither one of them fellers would change their attitudes. The first one liked the people and the places he'd been. So it was a sure thing he'd like it where he was going. The second feller was a griper; he'd have a poor time wherever he went. Having a good time with people is a habit, son."

—*Winning Your Way With People*, K. C. INGRAM (McGraw-Hill)



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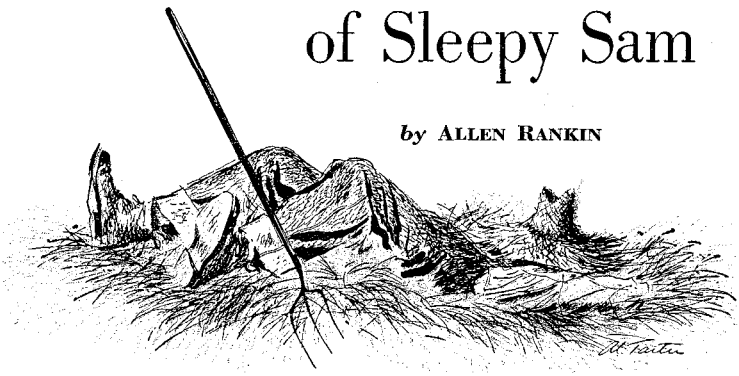
# The Lucky Sleep of Sleepy Sam

*by* ALLEN RANKIN



**The one time that really mattered, his somnolence got him out of, not into, trouble**

SAM HUFFMAN was a sleepy boy all his life. The fact is that Sam, who grew up on his father's farm in Alabama, made a precocious discovery at an early age—namely, that whenever one is faced with work or worry, it's easier just to drop off to sleep.

When his brothers went to the cotton fields to hoe, Sam crawled into the hayloft and slept. When he was caught and marched to work with the rest, he soon dozed off in the warm sand between the cotton rows. When really pressed, he could sleep even while standing up and leaning on his hoe handle.

Naturally, such an attitude as Sam's got him into trouble in this hurrying world. At 13, Sam dozed off in the chimney of a barbecue pit in which he had lighted a fire. By the time the barbecue guests arrived, he was well-smoked but still snoring.

At 20, Sam got a job driving a truck. He went to sleep at the wheel and turned over with 13 tons of tile. Sam did the natural thing for him: crawled back into the upturned cab and went back to sleep.

One day, he jacked up the family car so he could repair it. He wriggled under it, and promptly went to sleep. The car fell and broke three of Sam's ribs.

Then Sam's luck really went bad. He got in a quarrel with some Alabama neighbors. As a crowd of antagonists advanced toward his house, Sam fired a shotgun blast, "Just to scare 'em."

A woman, struck by a stray shot, fell dead. Sam lay down on the bed to await the police. Soon the Law knocked on his door, woke him up, and charged him with murder!

Things looked black for Sam. His case in Circuit Court was a close one. Hours passed and the jury still was hung, deliberating whether to call Sam's deed murder,



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self-defense, or simply an accident.

Finally, at 1 A.M., the jury filed back with their verdict: "Guilty of murder in the second degree." Sam had drawn a ten-year prison sentence. Yet, a little later, the cell door swung open and he walked out—a free man!

Perhaps by some law of compensation, the sleepiness which had caused Sam so much trouble had at last made up the deficit to him. Most of the jury, rendering Sam's verdict, were sleepy at the late hour. The judge was sleepy. The jailer was sleepy. All of them were so sleepy, in fact, that they overlooked one important detail—that Sam was not present in the courtroom to hear the verdict!

Under Alabama law, a defendant accused of a capital crime must be present at all times during the trial—or he goes free! And why wasn't Sam present to hear the verdict? Sent across the street to the jail for supper, he naturally had gone to sleep, instead!

## Service Complaints

THE RESTAURANT PATRON had been waiting for service at his table for 15 minutes. Noticing a waiter standing nearby with folded arms, he thought he'd pass some time with conversation. "Say," he asked, "how'd the Yankees make out in the double-header today?"

"Sorry," replied the waiter haughtily, "this isn't my table."

—*Tracks*

THE WAITRESS watched as the customer put eight spoonfuls of sugar in his cup of coffee and proceeded to drink it without stirring it first. "Why don't you stir it?" she asked.

Regarding her coldly, the customer said, "Who likes it sweet?"

—*Capper's Weekly*

THE COOK IN the household of one of the South's better-known religious figures became ill during the Christmas holidays and a substitute was obtained.

She and the hostess were in the kitchen double-checking on a dinner to be given that evening when she suggested, "Would you like for me to mix the cocktails?"

The hostess said there wouldn't be any cocktails.

"Well, the eggnog—would you like for me to take care of that?"

The hostess said there wouldn't be any eggnog.

Slowly the cook leaned back and rested her hands on the sink. "Law me!" she declared. "Just my luck to get connected with a good right-living family on Christmas."

—ELIZABETH JONES

AFTER THE FAMILY had increased to three, it was decided to employ a nursemaid.

"My husband is very particular whom we engage," the young mother told the girl who applied for the job. "Are you faithful? Have you a kind and loving disposition? Will you—"

"Excuse me, madam," interrupted the girl, "but am I going to take care of the baby, or your husband?" —Montreal *Daily Star*



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# Sex and the Soldier

by MAJ. GEN. ROY H. PARKER (*Chief of Chaplains, U. S. Army*)

**The Armed Forces are waging a vigorous campaign to keep moral standards high**

A MOTHER WHOSE SON had just been drafted into the Army wrote me a deeply heartfelt letter several weeks ago.

"Jim's a fine boy," her letter said in part, "and his father is confident he'll do well at whatever jobs the Army has for him. But he's only 19, and frankly, he hasn't had much experience—with women, I mean. To put it bluntly, we have heard many sordid stories about the kind of women who hang around camps. Can't the Army do something about this?"

I should like to answer that mother now, and at the same time offer firm reassurance to the parents, wives, and sweethearts of all American servicemen. As Chief of Chaplains to more than 1,500,000 Army men and women, I can tell you this: the Armed Forces today are waging a strenuous, effective, and continuing fight against sex immorality.

I do not mean to imply that immorality is no longer a problem. Far from it. Who can deny that military service requires vital adjustments for most young men? Jimmie—and every other new serviceman—finds himself under strict authority. He feels deprived of certain freedoms he enjoyed in civilian life. Gone are many comforts and conveniences; normal home and home-town restraints are missing.

In other words, Jimmie may be most unhappy and confused at first. However, whether he lets himself become easy prey to immoral acts ultimately *depends on Jimmie*. He is still basically the same youth he was back home, with the same strengths, the same weaknesses. His character has largely been molded, his beliefs already fixed, by the time he joins us in uniform.

Although the Armed Forces can do little about changing a man's beliefs, it does take steps to protect his morals. "The repression of prostitution," Army regulations state, "is an established policy of the Department of the Army in its program for the welfare of personnel, the development and guidance of character, and the control of venereal disease."

The other services have similar regulations. While they differ in wording and sometimes are capable of varying interpretations, the intent is the same.

Soldiers who frequent brothels are subject to punishment. Identified houses of prostitution in civil-



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ian areas, both in this country and abroad, are placed off-limits to military personnel.

In fighting organized prostitution, the Armed Forces work hand in hand with civilian agencies, notably the American Social Hygiene Association. Together, we are suppressing vice wherever we find it.

As late as June, 1950, a Texas city situated close to large Army and Air Force installations was found to be literally honeycombed with houses of prostitution. More than 50 "resorts" did a thriving business—mostly with servicemen. Local authorities pursued a hands-off policy.

At first, strenuous protests from military officials fell on deaf ears. However, aided by field representatives of the ASHA and key local citizens, we kept pounding away at the city fathers—until action was taken. The result? Surveys made last August proved that exploiters and prostitutes had deserted the city. Today, go-between activities by bellhops and cab drivers are conspicuously absent.

In seeking lucrative fields, prostitutes brazenly select sites near Army post gates or recreation centers. In one Florida city recently, a "spot" was set up by an enterprising exploiter across the street from a USO club. Needless to say, prompt remedial action was taken.

Sometimes, when the going gets tough within city limits, a brothel moves out to the country. This is true right now, in the case of an important military center along the Atlantic seaboard, where city officials are fighting prostitution as never before but where the country is providing a haven.

To carry out our "police work" most effectively, representatives of the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Treasury Department set up joint, eight-man Disciplinary Control Boards all over the country in March, 1950. Their function, in addition to combating prostitution and venereal disease, is to take positive action against improper discipline, liquor violations, disorders, and similar undesirable conditions. Members of local police departments and VD officials of adjacent communities are invited to attend board meetings. This close collaboration with civilian health authorities has proved highly effective in many communities.

The key person in our efforts to break the grim chain of VD transmission is the serviceman who becomes infected. He is urged to report for immediate medical attention if he suspects he is a victim. *He is not punished for having contracted VD, as he was formerly.*

This is but one facet of the Army's new approach to the fight against immorality. We have had, since the end of World War II, a reversal of the old, taboo-ridden attitude toward VD. Today we place great stress on continence as the only sure way of avoiding VD.

I HAVE OFTEN heard it argued that the answer to the whole problem of immorality would be for the Armed Forces to sanction houses of prostitution and run them under strict control. This, we firmly believe, will solve nothing. The Army Medical Corps has collected an impressive body of evidence which proves that controlled prostitution serves only to spread VD.



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A striking example is to be found in the experience of the German Army in France, where prostitutes were licensed and given frequent medical examinations. Despite such controls, the Nazis had a disastrous time during the French occupation.

In two areas where we captured complete records, the VD rates were more than 125 per thousand per year! This rate would be regarded as intolerable in the American Armed Forces where, to my knowledge, we never have had a VD rate even approaching that figure.

Clearly, controlled prostitution is not the cure. As the late Dr. J. F. Bredeck, Health Commissioner of St. Louis, once said: "Venereal disease has always been contracted from the civilian population by the Armed Forces. *Illegitimate sexual intercourse, organized or unorganized, is the main cause of the problem.*"

In other words, it is not enough for the Armed Forces to suppress vice or to cure VD. It is even more important to develop the kind of person who, when faced with temptation, has the moral backbone to say "No!"

Therefore, for the first time in history, the Armed Forces has adopted a Character Guidance Program as the core of our efforts to fight immorality. Its purpose is simply this: to reproduce in the service the wholesome influences of home, school, and church, thereby developing a sense of loyalty and responsibility as well as high standards of personal conduct.

Idealistic? Yes. Impractical? No. Since the program's start in 1947, we have seen gratifying progress.

One important innovation under this program is that the Army now provides an hour *each week* of morals instruction. Some of these talks, given by the chaplain, deal directly with sex, others with related moral problems. They are not sermons and are not concerned with religion, in the technical sense of that word. The Army considers this moral training as much a part of a soldier's basic training as close-order drill or rifle instruction.

Gen. John M. Devine, a far-sighted officer who headed the experimental UMT unit at Fort Knox in 1946, and under whom this moral training was first tried out, has said: "The average young soldier wants to do the right thing, and will do it if he knows what it is . . . what he needs, more often than not, is proper guidance and proper leadership, with a strong hand on the reins. The chaplain's weekly hour is at the heart of the Character Guidance Program."

However, the chaplain with his chapel program is but one of many people striving to maintain a healthful moral climate for the recruit. On each Army post, a Character Guidance Council is set up to oversee all activities of the soldier, especially those which in themselves are not strictly military.

The Councils are vitally interested in such matters as proper housing, good food, off-duty education, recreation, and social activities. And if the Councils find bad influences at work, either on the post or in surrounding communities, they try to eliminate them.

It all adds up to this: the young soldier doesn't have to seek the "wrong kind of women" out of sheer lack of something better to do. In addition to a broad religious



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program, the Armed Forces spares no efforts to provide him with many opportunities for wholesome entertainment and relaxation in off-duty hours—service clubs, libraries, sports, movies, crafts, and the like. These activities are well-planned, with excellent equipment and facilities. The people who run them are carefully selected and thoroughly trained.

While it is obviously impossible for the Army, Navy, or Air Force to measure exactly how effective our campaign has been, we feel certain that our over-all approach is sound. By continuing efforts to suppress vice, by providing wholesome environment for servicemen, and by doing our utmost to raise the moral standards of men who have come to us in need of such attention, we are discharging our trust to the American people.

## Memo for June 15

IT WAS raining cats and dogs and I was sitting in an armchair watching the rain as it formed into little rivulets on the driveway and then flowed out into the street. For no reason at all I got to thinking of parents and how much they are taken for granted, usually until it is too late to do anything about showing your appreciation.

My own, for instance. I got to thinking about my father. I believe he would be the first to discount the experience that touched me most in our relationship. It wasn't the years of providing, the good things he gave me at Christmas, and the many other thankless jobs he did during his lifetime.

My father always had set ideas about "frills in eating." He objected, for instance, to cutting up an orange for a breakfast fruit cocktail. He contended if you wanted to eat an orange—go ahead and peel it and eat it. Why mess around cutting it up and putting it in a glass bowl?

This incident happened in my late teens when I was holding down a job and going to college.

My mother was ill that morning and my father was worried. He was a railroad man and he was hurrying about, trying to get everything done to make her comfortable before he went to work.

He had called me several times before getting me out of bed. The coffee was boiling on the stove and he had been downstairs tending the furnace.

On that morning when I finally wandered sleepy-eyed into the kitchen, I found an orange—peeled and cut up in a bowl, ready to eat.

On one piece of the orange was a smudge because he had cut up the orange as soon as he had fixed the furnace. The quick tears were in my eyes and I walked into the bedroom for a moment. Then I went out and ate the orange, managing to get it past the lump in my throat.

With all his worry about my mother and his haste to get to work, he had cut up that orange for me even though he had disapproved. He did it because he knew my mother would have done it had she been well enough.

It wasn't much but . . . those are the things you remember.

—BEN HOLDEN, *A Friendly Handshake*



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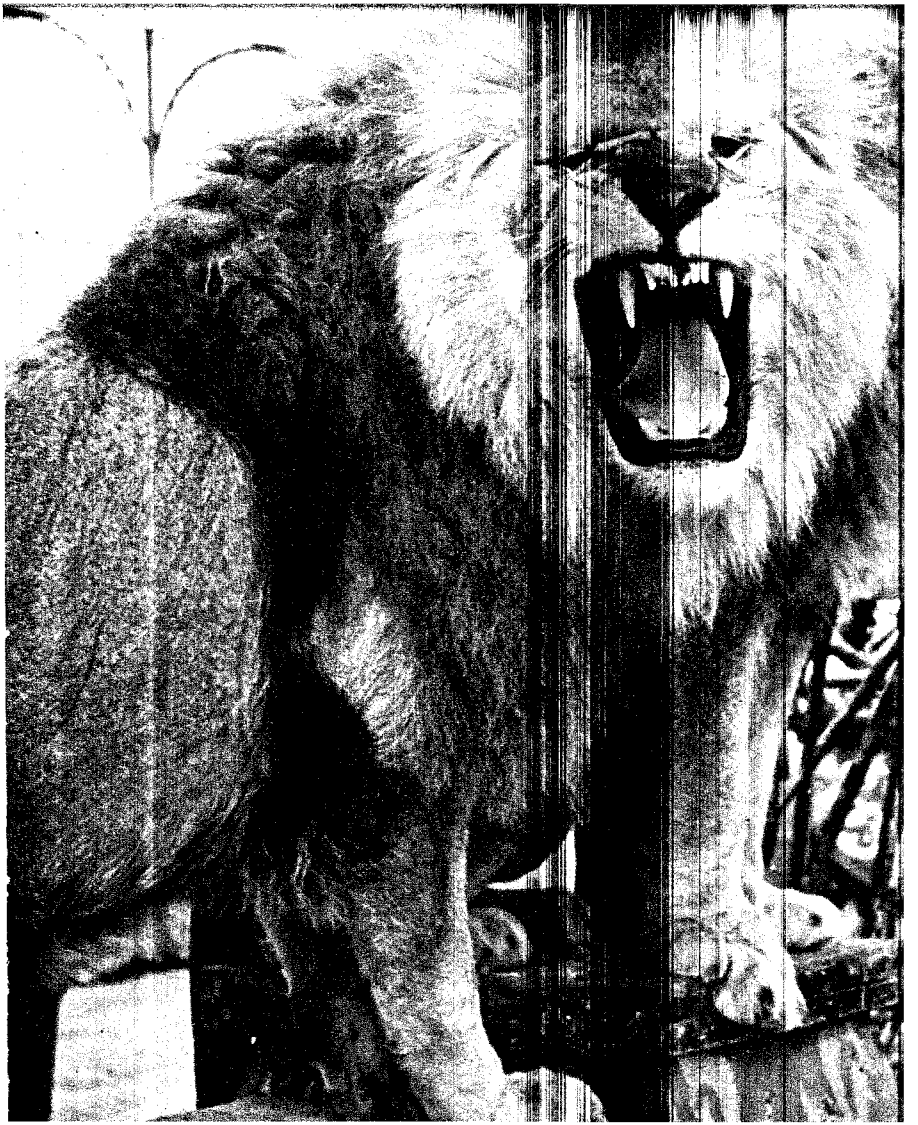
Circus people
and Newark,
spangles, they



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. . . and here, too, are the elephants, pound for ponderous pound the most beloved creatures in the Mammoth Menagerie. Born showmen, they'll eat your peanuts and dance a lumbering minuet to show thanks.

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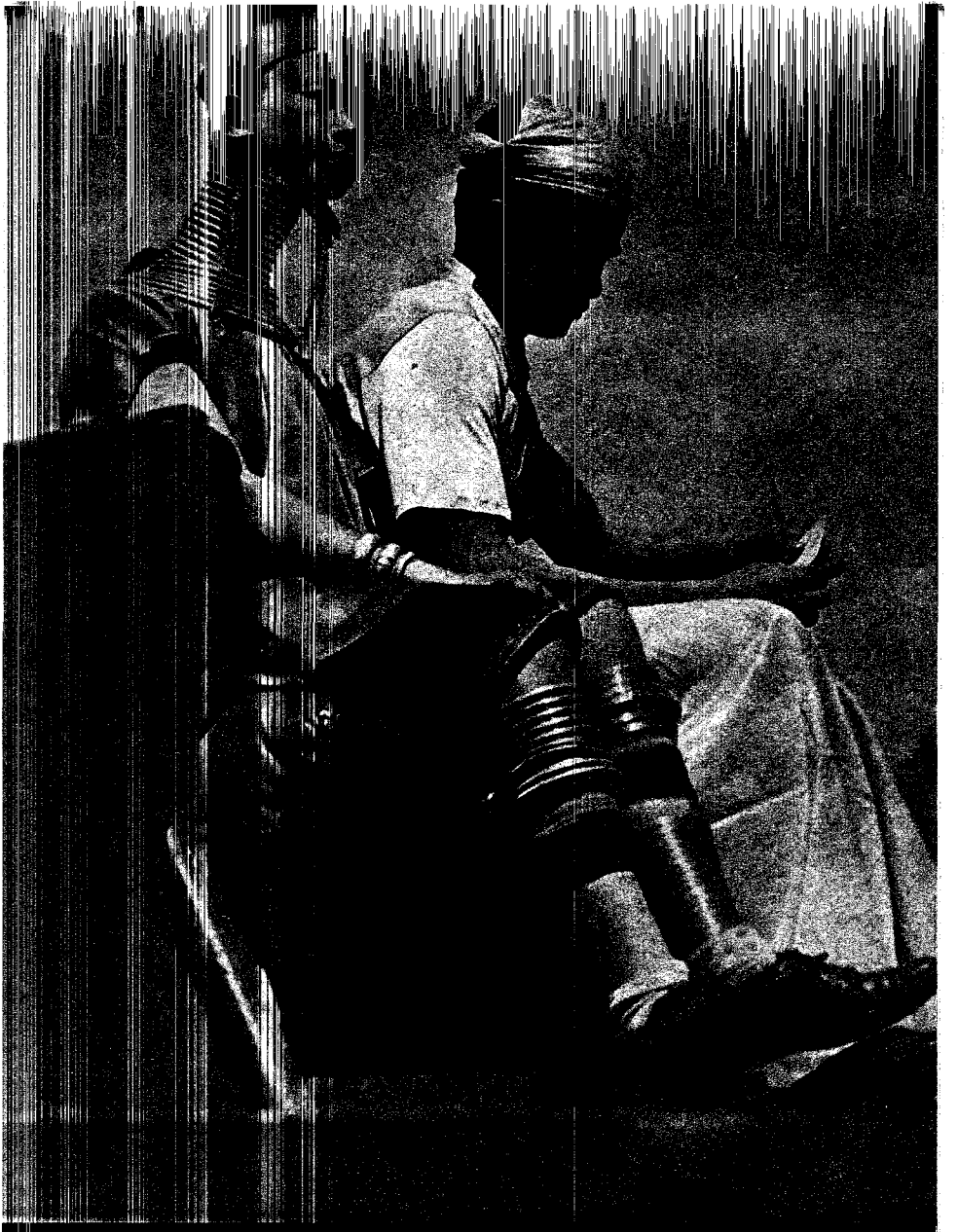

In this real-life fairyland, a small fragment of the universe is concentrated under canvas. An Indian fakir lies on a bed of fire: here is an African whose neck has been stretched three times its normal size . . .

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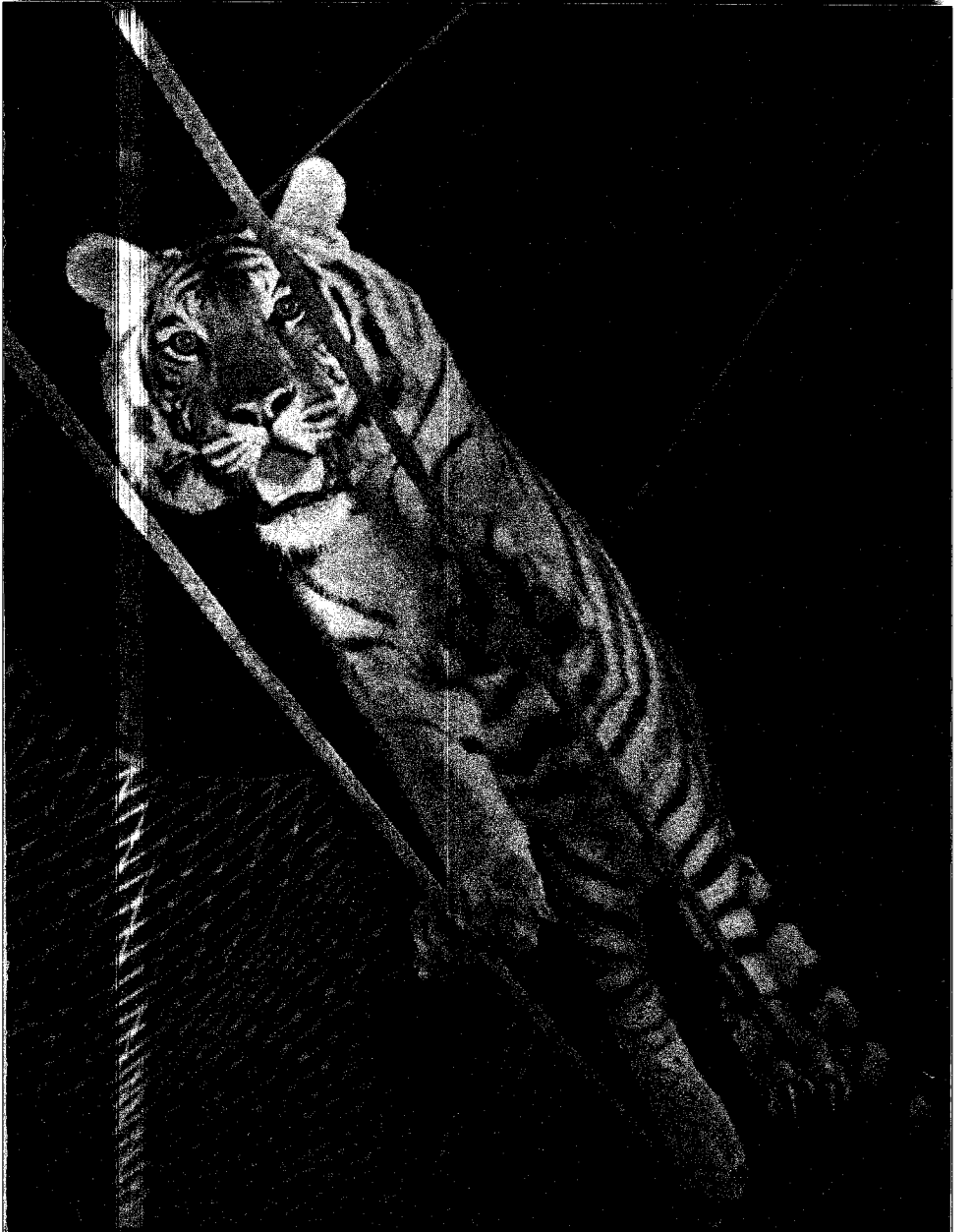

. . . and here is a tiger whose ferocity, in his jungle home, spelled death to the interloper. Taught now to do his captors' bidding, he performs miracles of agility, although his hostility is constant, barely concealed.

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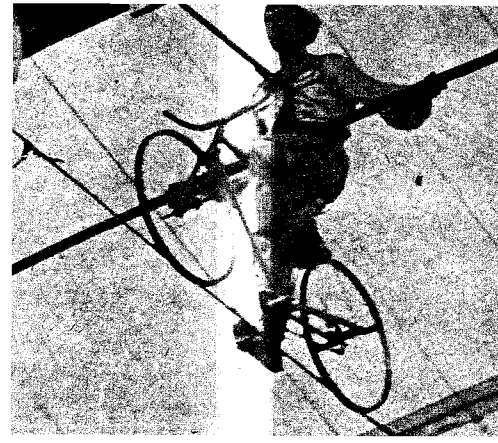

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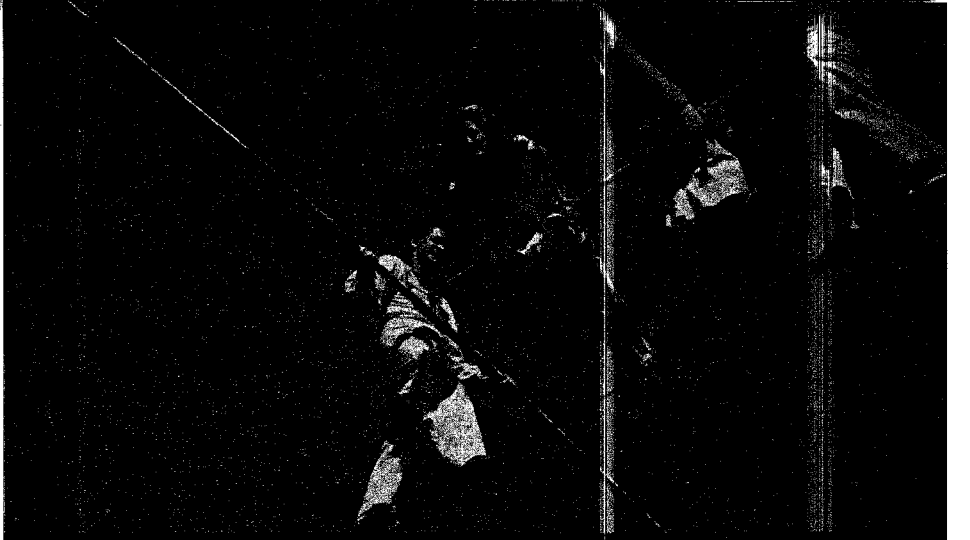
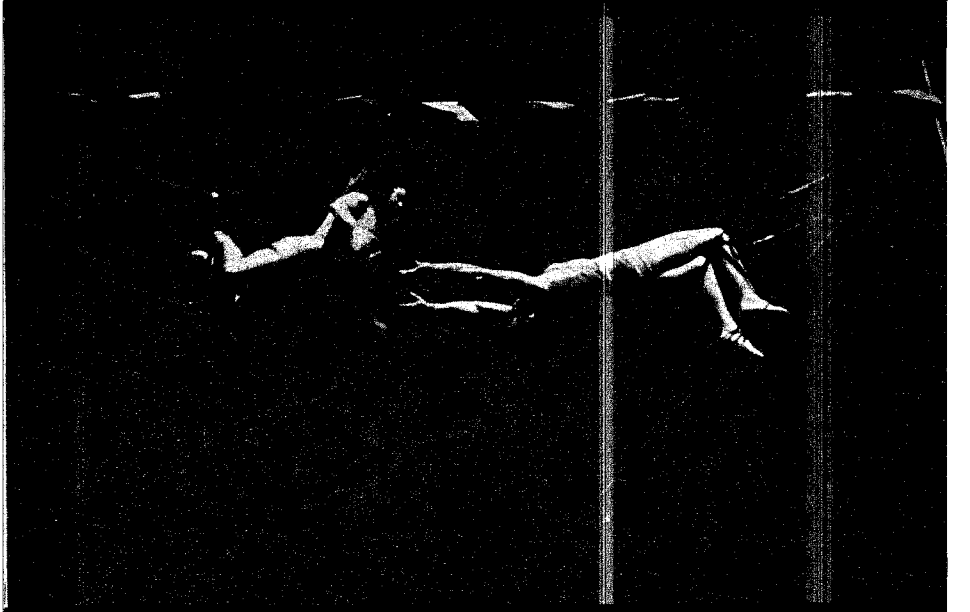


Hardly has the audience been given a chance to catch its breath when another more spectacular balancing act is aloft. This is the moment when the brave quiver and the timid look away. *Will they make it?*



Then it's over: the tension is broken—at least until the aerialists begin to fly through space. Their feats pass from the unbelievable to the impossible until, at last, even the riggers are gripped by tight silence.

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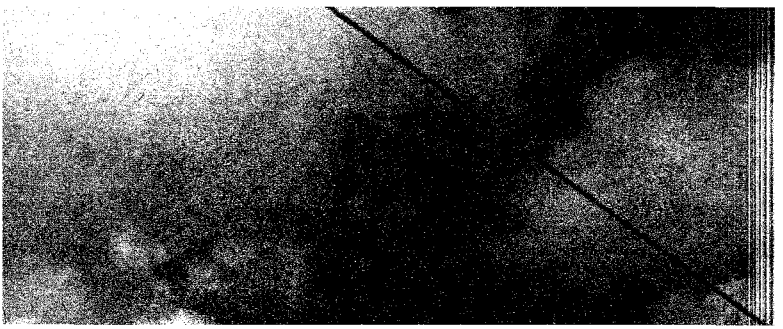

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Next comes the dog act—the most amazing collection of animals ever to run away with the circus. Restless and ready to try anything, they seem born to the Big Top and perform happily at the drop of a cue.

Then, with war whoops and six-guns, the Wild West roars to life. Cowboys and Indians replay their historic roles: wagons are attacked, the stagecoach robbed. Ever triumphant, the Pony Express rides again.

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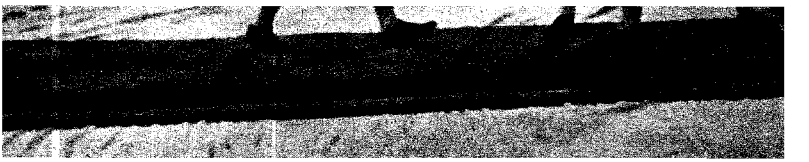

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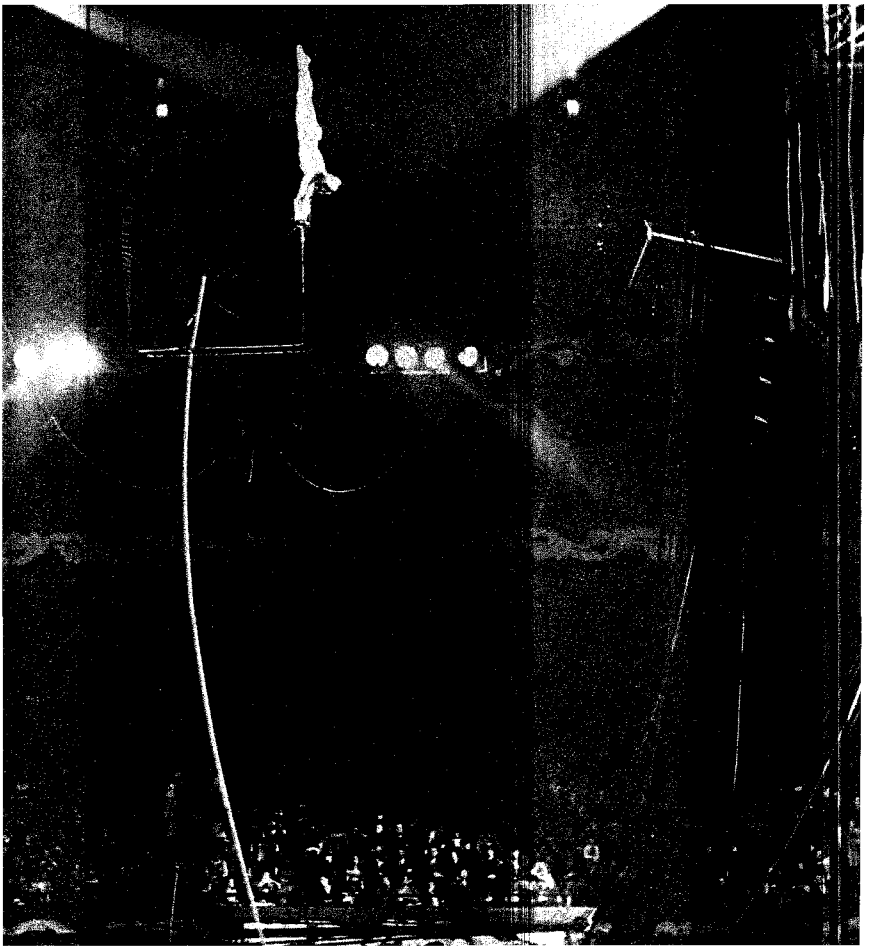

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. . . and brings to kaleidoscopic life a make-believe world of tinsel and fantasy. By dawn, the big trains will have rumbled on to the next town, but that weed-grown lot will remain forever a place of enchantment.

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# They Conquer the Thunderstorm

*by* NORMAN SKLAREWITZ

**How a young scientist and some daring pilots made all-weather flying safer for *you***

IN MID-AFTERNOON of August 29, 1948, residents around the small town of Winona, Minnesota, busied themselves taking laundry off the lines and fastening windows as a typical summer storm moved into the area.

On a bluff overlooking the Mississippi River outside town, a farmer eyed the ominous lightning and hurried to bring a load of hay in from the field. As he hitched his tractor, he heard the roar of a twin-engined air liner headed for Minneapolis. While he watched, the plane disappeared into the leading edge of the oncoming thunderstorm.

Twenty seconds later the proud plane shattered under the impact of the high winds and disintegrated in the air. All 37 occupants died.

Civil Aeronautics Board trouble shooters immediately launched an investigation. But in the end, their findings were much the same as others that had followed disastrous thunderstorm crashes. In the technical report was the grim notation: "Cause of accident . . . loss of wing panel . . . aggravated by turbulence encountered in the storm."

But why? What was it that caused planes to come apart in the skies?

Since man first learned to fly,



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death has always lurked in the folds of sinister black thunderclouds. Now, at the University of Chicago, a hard-working professor believes he has found the answer. He is Horace R. Byers, head of the Department of Meteorology. Backing up his quiet announcement is one of the most ambitious research projects of modern times.

For almost two years, the slight, young teacher supervised the amazing Thunderstorm Project—a vast program organized by the U. S. Air Force, National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, Navy, and Weather Bureau.

During that time, Byers actually directed an Air Force squadron of P-61C Northrup "Black Widow" night fighters. And under his direction was an extensive complex system of radar stations and weather observation posts that involved almost 100 men and covered thousands of square miles of farm lands in Ohio and Florida.

As a result of this undertaking, Byers and his staff have amassed more information on thunderstorms than has ever before been known to man. Using such data, plane designers and engineers now are able to develop better and safer craft. Pilots have adopted new flying techniques. And the march toward all-weather flying has taken a significant step forward.

NEED FOR DETAILED information about bad weather conditions has grown seriously acute the past ten years. During World War II, American bomber pilots learned that storms could easily be as deadly as enemy flak and fighters. And commercial air lines suffered heavily each time flights had to be canceled. So the nation's top scientists went to work.

One by one, fog, ice, and electrical interference were overcome to a great extent. Only the thunderstorm remained an unsolved problem. In the spring of 1945, Congress gave urgent priority to a project designed to wrest away from the swirling thunderstorms their mystery of power.

Dr. Byers was appointed director of a staff of meteorological experts from the Weather Bureau and the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. The Navy donated drones and planes. The Air Force assigned radar and radio men to the professor's unique "army," plus ten night fighters. The planes were to be flown directly into the heart of the storms, to bring back scientific information.

Some Pentagon generals challenged such use of planes as " . . . foolhardy and unnecessarily dangerous." But Dr. Byers succeeded in winning support. Then a call went out for volunteer fliers. Dozens responded, and crews of experienced pilots, radar operators, and weather observers were picked.

In the summer of 1946, the scientific task force moved into action. Phase One was carried out around Orlando, Florida, where more thunderstorms occur than in any other spot in North America. From his rickety headquarters shack, Dr. Byers charted the build-up of each thunderstorm on a huge radar set. When a likely looking storm moved his way, the squadron was alerted, and then began some of the strangest missions in Air Force history.

Each plane flew at a different



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altitude, until they were staggered at levels of 5, 10, 15, 20, and 25 thousand feet. At command from the control tower, dozens of intricate recording instruments were snapped on and the planes roared into the boiling cloud mass.

Day after day the flights continued, but nothing unusual or dramatic took place. Strains were checked and found to be far less than those imposed upon wings and fuselage by the manufacturers themselves, during sandbag tests and wind-tunnel experiments.

Then, one afternoon late in August, the scientists moved closer to solving the mystery of the skies. About 4 P. M. of a sultry day, rolling black clouds began to gather. Lightning flashes danced against the curtain of rain.

Radar antennas leveled and fluorescent screens glowed as the storm moved closer. Pilots were alerted and 15 minutes later they were making their fateful rendezvous, just as the sun was blotted out by wind-swept clouds.

Men gathered around the control instruments to watch the impudent assault. On the grid scales, the storm assumed gigantic proportions; more than ten miles high and covering 125 square miles! Within the vortex of that billowing mass were the same elements that had brought death to hapless airmen for decades. What would happen now?

The order snapped out: "Begin penetrations!" and the airplanes streaked toward the storm's center. Silence followed. One minute . . . two minutes . . . Then suddenly the radio crackled. The pilot of the plane at the 15,000-foot level was frantically calling the base.

"I'm in trouble," he shouted. " . . . ship's out of control; updraft . . . I'm at 20,000 now!"

Operators strained their eyes to follow the glowing dot on the radar screen. And then, suddenly, they breathed a sigh of relief. The pilot had fought his way out, and a few minutes later the plane was safe on the ground.

Mechanics swarmed over it. They found one wing so seriously damaged that another 30 seconds under the pounding air would have snapped it like a matchstick.

THAT NIGHT DR. BYERS studied the data gathered by the automatic instruments. Why did this ship have trouble? What clues were there that would reveal the secret of this fantastic force?

Byers called in the pilot next morning. "What was your first reaction as the updraft hit your plane? What counteraction did you take? What was the motion of the ship?"

The young captain searched his memory of those terrible few minutes, but could add nothing new to the reports.

Byers spent the rest of the day checking over and over the erratic lines of the recording drums. Then, towards dusk, he got an idea. Excitedly he called for the automatic films made during the flight. Here was a second-by-second account of what had happened during the entire penetration. He had seen them before, of course; *but the pilots hadn't.*

First came a sequence where the instruments read normal. Here the plane was circling outside the storm area. Then the needles began to jump as the penetration was made.

Suddenly the pilot cried out,



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"Hey, that can't be my ship! That guy at the controls is pushing the stick down—he's trying to get into a dive to fight the wind."

Dr. Byers smiled. The riddle was rapidly being solved.

In those few dramatic seconds, the theory of many aviation experts was verified: pilots *unconsciously* react to any sudden change in the vertical direction of their planes. If they are swept upward, for example, they will—instinctively, without thinking—attempt to gain their normal direction. And such actions, although they are perfectly logical in theory, happen to be exactly the *opposite* of what should be done under the circumstances.

Dr. Byers drew out a blackboard and explained why to the amazed little audience. All American-made commercial and military planes are built to withstand strains as great as four or five times the force of gravity. This leaves a good measure of safety for being caught in even the strongest winds.

But the *speed* of a plane is the critical factor when battling intense gusts. The faster a plane flies in trying to break away, the greater the strain upon its wings and body. Thus if a pilot tried to force his ship into a dive, he would automatically increase his speed. And adding those few miles an hour could skyrocket the stresses as much as 12 or even 15 times the force of gravity! No plane could withstand that crushing force.

From that time on, the project fliers followed a new set of rules for their storm flights. Byers' orders were simply to "hit 'em low and slow, and roll with the punch."

During the rest of that summer and through the next, the experimental missions continued. Phase Two, carried out in Ohio near the Clinton County Air Force Base, brought many important new findings. By the time the project was finished, the squadron had logged the staggering total of 1,363 penetrations through thunderstorms . . . without a single accident!

With field operations concluded, Dr. Byers returned to the University of Chicago, where analysis of all data took two full years. At the end of the job, however, the thunderstorm had been thoroughly probed, examined, and charted.

Today the results of the Thunderstorm Project are available to every pilot in the nation. Air-line crews receive special instruction in flying through thunderstorms. Ground radar operators are trained to spot storms as they develop and to warn fliers. Once more, the fruits of the laboratory, nurtured by Americans of vision and courage, have helped to overcome another enemy in the relentless conquest of time and space.

**Wedding Wisdom**

(Answers to quiz on page 93)

1. c; 2. c; 3. a; 4. b; 5. b; 6. c; 7. b; 8. a; 9. c; 10. a; 11. a; 12. c; 13. b; 14. a; 15. c.



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# The Other Side of Babe Ruth

*by* MARTIN WELDON

THOUSANDS OF STORIES have been told about Babe Ruth, baseball's immortal bambino—about his spectacular hitting, his bottomless appetite, his instinct for the dramatic thing at the dramatic time. And all these stories exploded off his bat or his massive frame into blaring headlines.

But there is another and quieter tale about Babe Ruth—little known, but cherished by his few close friends who heard it.

One summer evening in 1927, after a Yankee ball game in Chicago, Lou Gehrig showed up in the hotel lobby to keep a date with the older of the home-run twins. But Babe was nowhere around, and the desk clerk handed Gehrig a note.

"Sorry, kid," read Gehrig, "but I got a phone call from an old friend of mine. Here's where I am, in case of any emergency."

There was no emergency, but Lou had the evening on his hands, so he drove to the address given in the note. After a long ride he stopped in front of a dingy tenement building on Chicago's South Side.

Gehrig climbed five flights of stairs and knocked on a battered door. "Come in!" boomed the Babe's familiar voice. Gehrig remained in the doorway, transfixed by what he saw in the shabby room.

In a wheel chair sat a thin-faced Negro boy of about 11, his tense body twisted forward in the frozen position of a cripple. The boy's bony fists were placed on top of each other, the thumbs clenched tight, as though he were gripping a baseball bat. His eyes shone with eagerness and pleasure.

"That's it, kid!" roared Babe Ruth. "You got the position! You hold it like that! . . ."

Whenever one of the Babe's noisy exploits comes trumpeting across the years—the appetite that almost killed him, the called shot in the World Series, the 60th home run that set one of the game's supreme records—a gentler scene can now come to mind. It took place on a summer night in Chicago, when an athlete at the peak of his fame paid an unsung visit to a lad who would never rise from a wheel chair—to teach him how to hit a home run.



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# BRIDES BY

## How the fabulous

*by* TED MALONE

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST a century ago was a "man's paradise." There were fertile farm lands, rich forests, good fishing and hunting, gold and silver, the chance to make a fortune, everything an adventurous young man could want. That is, *almost* everything.

One day this advertisement in the Puget Sound *Herald* brought men running from every corner of the Washington Territory:

ATTENTION BACHELORS: Believing that our only chance for a realization of the benefits and early attainments of matrimonial alliances depends upon the arrival in our midst of a number of the fair sex from the Atlantic states, and that to bring about such an arrival a united effort and action are called for on our part, we respectfully request a full attendance of all eligible and sincerely desirous bachelors of this community to assemble at Delin and Shorey's Bldg. on Tuesday evening next, to devise means to secure this much needed and desirable emigration to our shores.

That stag party lasted all night and only *one* resolution was adopted



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# THE Boatload

## "Mercer Girls" invaded a man's paradise.

—unanimously: "Find ways and means to attract women." The idea was good, but how could you find women when there weren't any? A young bachelor named Asa Mercer knew how, and he advertised this contract:

> I, Asa Mercer, of Seattle, Washington Territory, hereby agree to bring a suitable wife, of good moral character and reputation, from the East to Seattle, on or before September, 1865, for each of the parties whose signatures are hereunto attached; they first paying me or my agent the sum of $300 with which to pay the passage of said ladies from the East, and to compensate me for my trouble.

The news spread like wildfire through the countryside. Miners came out of the mountains, trappers paddled down the rivers, farmers dropped their plows, and Mercer quickly had 500 "mail-order bachelors" signed up. But how could Asa bring hundreds of prospective brides out West?

"I'll go East," he said, "where the cities are crowded. I'll fit out a ship, put ads in the papers, and sail back around the Horn with a boatload of brides."

The day he left, the mail-order bachelors held a parade with a band and had a little dance, where half the men tied red bandannas around their arms and became "ladies." They even rehearsed a wedding! Then Asa started off for the East with their gold.

DAYS TURNED TO WEEKS, weeks turned to months, and no word came. This was just another hoax! Miners, farmers, prospectors went back to their lonely cabins. It had been fun, but now Asa Mercer had their money.

There were no women in sight, no brides, no wives. Nothing but cooking your own breakfast, doing the housework, washing clothes at the river, sewing on buttons by lamp light; and for company, well, you talked to your burro or the cattle. Gold and silver in a buckskin sack were a far cry from a bride and orange blossoms.

Then a letter came! Asa had not run off with their money. He had stopped in New York to put an ad in the *Times*. Then he went on to Boston and talked to the governor, John Andrews.

"Governor," said Asa, "these men are honest and hard-working. They need wives. The country needs nurses, schoolteachers, dressmakers, housekeepers. You've got to help me!"

Andrews agreed that it was a good idea and said so in a Boston paper. Some staid old Yankees



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were shocked. Send their daughters out where Indians would scalp them? Where wild Westerners would house them in wigwams and log cabins? Outrageous!

"Asa Mercer's Brides" was the topic of the day. Preachers debated it from the pulpit; editors fought about it. And what about the girls in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, and New York? They thought it a *fine* idea.

"Of course," they said, "we wouldn't dream of marrying any man we have not seen. In fact, we might not marry at all, especially some wild and bearded Westerner!" But they would go as nurses, storekeepers, dressmakers. And so they hurried home to pack their hope chests and to sew a special dress or a new bonnet.

Grand women, these descendants of the Pilgrims: Sharon Smith, Liza Wells, Sara Ross, Sheila Nash. You'll still find their names in the Northwest.

Asa slipped out of turbulent New England. He had his list of "brides." Now for a ship. He told his troubles to his friend, Ulysses Grant, down in Washington. Gruff Ulysses said, "Asa, I soldiered in the West. I know how these men feel. How can any country grow without women? Let's see President Johnson."

The President gave Asa an order for a steamship, but the quartermaster said it was "illegal" and refused to honor it. He did offer to sell Asa a ship for $80,000 cash. Asa didn't have $80,000, but that fabulous Westerner, Ben Holladay, came to the rescue. Ben knew a good ship would make a fortune for him on the West Coast, and he bought the vessel and permitted Asa to send out his boatload of brides at nominal cost.

And so, in the midst of threats and praise, tearful mothers and scowling fathers, giggling girls and envious friends, Mercer's ship set sail, loaded with pioneer girls braving a 7,000-mile trip to a new country. Most of them denied they were interested in a husband. And yet the hold of the ship bulged with hope chests and all the sentimental knicknacks which women use to change a house or a cabin into a home: braided rugs, Aunt Martha's rocker, a four-poster bed that Uncle Jim had made, a melodeon, spinning wheels, even a maple cradle—"just in case."

WHEN THE SHIP finally reached San Francisco, the city lined the water front. The crew had to fight a small battle to keep the Californians from capturing the shipload of pretty girls. Asa had promised to deliver his girls to the territory, and he kept his word. But even Asa began to worry as they neared port. He had promised to bring "brides," and these girls now stated flatly they would take their own time. They didn't especially want husbands! One "might" marry a tall handsome man with a fine farm; another wanted a sweet, poetic type, but rich; another a banker; another a doctor; and so on, until Asa didn't ever want to see another girl again.

The ship anchored offshore in early morning to see a water front lined with men. A minor upheaval had taken place in town. Whiskers had been shaved, hair cut, clothes washed and carefully mended, cabins scrubbed. Everyone had been



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thrown out of the only hotel in town. The saloons were closed for two days. Even the buildings were whitewashed.

When the rowboats started for shore, the men grew silent. Pioneers who would face a grizzly bear without a tremor backed away from the oncoming girls, backed up until they bumped into the buildings. They twisted their hats, blushed and stammered, as the first girls stepped ashore.

Noses high in the air, skirts held above the dust, the girls walked straight toward the hotel, with not even a glance for the men who had paid their passages and waited months for this moment.

From that day on, the Northwest changed. There was a wedding next week, with prairie flowers and bridesmaids and melodeon music. There was a housewarming, the first ever held. One wedding led to another, and then, just as a year rolled around, there was the first christening—of a red-faced baby in a wooden cradle that came round the Horn from New England. Wildflowers filled the cabin. Presents ranged from gold nuggets to a fat young steer.

The girls brought to the Northwest the soft hands of a woman to temper the steel of a man. They brought together the real elements of successful marriage: two people who really need each other.

And what about Mercer? Asa was unanimously elected to the Legislative Assembly, and married the shyest and most bashful girl from his entire boatload of brides.


FOR EVERY HAPPY GIFT OCCASION . . .

**Give Coronet—12 Gifts in One!**

**Here's the easiest gift in the world to give, one that comes as a reminder of your thoughtfulness 12 times a year.**

**1 FULL YEAR FOR $3**

**SEND NO MONEY, unless you prefer. We'll bill you. Just fill out the coupon below.**

**PLEASE SEND CORONET TO:**

name _____

address _____

city _____ zone _____ state _____

Gift card to read from _____

my name _____

address _____

city _____ zone _____ state _____

**Give this order to your local subscription agent or mail to:**

Coronet **BOULDER, COLORADO**

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# Ads that carry Hope to millions

*by* OLGA DAVIDSON

**An ingenious form of silent evangelism is "selling" faith to troubled people**

DURING World War II, a bereaved Chicago mother, despondent over the loss of her only son at sea, was riding home on a streetcar. Lifting her eyes idly to the advertising cards, she found her attention caught by one bearing a likeness of the Savior tenderly brooding over the oceans of the world, and carrying the words: "Lo, I am with you always."

For the first time since her loss, the distraught mother felt a promise of peace. From that day, she had a new faith to lighten her life.

If you, too, have found among posters on bus, subway or streetcar a message that brought hope to your heart, you may thank a young woman in Chicago. She is Jo Peterson, and the organization which puts such messages among ads for breakfast food, hair tonic, and shirts is called "Best Seller Publicity."

The need for some striking way of opening the best-selling book in the world, the Bible, to the public was seen by Miss Peterson in 1937, when a student in a night-school literature class which she was teaching stumbled self-consciously through a reading of a religious poem. He paused at the name of Jesus, and finally mumbled it in obvious embarrassment.

"Think of that!" Miss Peterson exclaims, recalling the incident. "He couldn't speak the name of the gentlest Man who ever lived! I began to look at the people around me, and they all seemed troubled. Students came to me with their problems, hungry for comfort and help. Yet no one ever mentioned religion. It didn't seem to occur to anybody that all he had to do for help was reach for it."

A doer as well as a believer, Miss Peterson did not stop with deploring the situation. If millions of unhappy people wouldn't go to church, or read their Bibles, they would have to be reached in some other way.

The way came to Miss Peterson while she was riding to work on a crowded bus. In the colorful array of advertising was advice on how to satisfy almost every human need—except the spiritual one.

Here, decided Miss Peterson, was the medium by which the Bible could reach thousands of troubled souls. She knew that advertising required cash, but she was not daunted. She had immense faith in



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God and in the power of prayer.

Originally, Miss Peterson wanted to be a missionary. At Wheaton College in Illinois she prepared for the foreign mission field, but failed to pass the stiff medical exam. Later, she became publicity director for an art school and taught evening classes in Chicago public schools.

Once she had decided to publicize the Bible, she addressed persuasive appeals for financial support to a small group of women who were devout Christians as well as Chicago social leaders. Moved by her earnestness, these women agreed to give the project a start.

An extremely modest office was opened at 189 West Madison Street, while Miss Peterson sought the cooperation of top-flight artists and illustrators. Vaughn Shoemaker, Pulitzer Prize winner and chief cartoonist of the Chicago *Daily News*, responded—as did Warner Sallman, whose head of Christ is among the most popular of modern religious paintings. Others were Francis Chase, Walter Ohlsen, and Robert Mackay. Before long a committee was formed.

Queried about her early organizational difficulties, Miss Peterson is likely to explain in an offhand way: "We just prayed and worked, and everything was all right."

THE FIRST TEXT—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"—was displayed in 250 Chicago streetcars. Immediately, messages and queries from passengers began coming in. Along with the notes of appreciation came offerings from people who had been touched by the message and wanted to help the good work of this nonprofit, nondenominational organization.

Among the first was a young man of 18, head of a family of five children recently orphaned. Sensitive to his responsibilities, the boy shyly asked if he might have one of the streetcar posters to remind him that there was always spiritual help for the tasks so prematurely laid on his young shoulders. When he learned that volunteer helpers were welcome, he spent hours each week wrapping and mailing posters to fill an ever-growing demand.

Visitors to Chicago became aware of this spirited though silent evangelism and were moved by it to go home and do likewise. They wrote for information, and soon the dignified but striking posters began to appear in streetcars and busses all over the country.

As American forces went abroad during World War II, the Best Seller group sent posters to camps and ships everywhere. The placards came to be called "silent chaplains." Men remembered seeing them in the public vehicles of their native towns, and thought of them as a link with home.

Today these posters are displayed in 300 American communities and 40 foreign countries, and are printed in 29 languages.

Sometimes a man's or a woman's life has been completely changed by an unexpected encounter with the compassionate face of Christ in a streetcar, and when this happens a letter describing the experience is pretty sure to find its way to Best Seller's files.

"I find myself eagerly scanning the ads until my eyes light on the one I seek," a California girl wrote



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not long ago. "Somehow the wisdom and comfort they impart help start my day right, and if I meet with problems that seem discouraging, I remember those words."

For the past six years, Miss Peterson has been employed on a salary basis to give full time to Best Seller Publicity. She visits the office several times a week, organizes volunteer groups, and travels on fund-raising missions. Always she has the hope, nurtured by faith, that the treasury will grow to fit the demands laid upon it.

Of all types of evangelism, that selected by Best Sellers is the most expensive. For, in addition to the cost of the printed materials, they must pay in cash (sometimes at standard rates, sometimes at half-rate) for the opportunity of displaying their message.

This is evangelism the hard way; and yet, offers of assistance have been gratifying. In Los Angeles, rental fees for Best Seller posters are paid with contributions from a cross section of people that includes a schoolteacher, a soldier, a nun, and a penitent gambler. In Dallas, a group of laymen gathered to hear from a representative the story of how the organization works. Then they said: "Why didn't you come to us long ago?"

Two additional mediums are now being employed by Best Sellers—billboard messages (rental on which can cost a considerable figure) and small copies of the placards, which are distributed by hand. The three represent a total of more than 40,000 pieces of advertising for an average month—which is quite a bit of evangelism, no matter how you look at it.

But the effort seems eminently worth while, for with people fumbling today to give a reasonable shape to their world, Best Seller Publicity likes to feel that by placing the ancient truths and promises of hope continually before the public, that shape may yet become a happy one.

## Words in Bloom

"No artist can ever portray the feeling of complete satisfaction that our four-year-old can paint on his own face with a slice of bread and blackberry jam."

"There was a great gash in the bank of dark clouds, and the setting sun tried to darn the hole with long yellow rays." —*Farm Journal*

"When I came into the room, the baby stretched out her little legs and offered me a dainty bouquet of pink toes."

"A mother's mind, equipped with hundreds of little erasers for her son's faults." —Walter Winchell

"In the yards white drifts of dogwood filled the town with spring." —Andrew Sparks

"Trees dark with tattered flags of Spanish moss." —Celestine Sibley



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# Boston's Fountain of Youth

*by* THOMAS C. DESMOND

(*Chairman, New York State Joint Legislative Committee on Problems of the Aging*)

**A farseeing doctor is proving that the twilight years need not be empty ones**

THE 67-YEAR-OLD WIDOW arrived early at the outpatient department of Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston, picking with nervous fingers at her appointment card. She made her way cautiously toward the Geriatric Clinic.

What she saw through the open door caused her heart to sink. No gleaming, intricate machines gave promise of restoring youth; instead, she saw only chairs and a table. Convinced she was the victim of a joke, the widow prepared for a hasty exit from Dr. Robert Thornhill Monroe's unique clinic.

But as she turned to leave, the widely known geriatrician, who for many years has had singular success in helping the elderly achieve confident living, appeared and ushered her reassuringly into the room. Seated opposite him at the narrow table, she told Dr. Monroe how her gastric disturbances had been studied by doctors for five years, how diets and medications had been of no avail. But when the doctor asked her personal questions about herself, she hesitated to answer.

Finally, after coaxing, she gave a detailed story of her origin, her emigration from Austria, how she had met and married her husband, how he had died, and how she had managed subsequently.

When she was through, Dr. Monroe pointed out that her coordination had been good during the discourse. More important, she seemed at the moment to have none of the constant gastric disturbances she had complained of.

"Oh, that," she replied. "That doesn't bother me now."

The geriatrician was quick to see that the nervous indigestion of this poor lonely widow was her only claim to importance. She had no excuse to leave her tenement except to go to church, to the store and the hospital, where the specialists were so interested in her.

As the interview ended, Dr. Monroe told her how to meet other older people, to revive her girlhood interest in Austrian cross-stitching, to cultivate new interests in life. A few months later, at Christmas time, she exhibited samples of her art in



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her neighborhood, took orders, and turned her skill to profit. No longer did she complain of digestive upsets.

White-haired, pipe-smoking Dr. Monroe, specialist in internal medicine, achieves his astonishing results with the aged not with the scalpel, but with understanding and sympathy—not only with white-clad nurses and consulting physicians, but also with social workers and psychologists.

More than a quarter-century ago, when young Dr. Robert T. Monroe opened an office for the general practice of medicine, the answer to the ills of the oldsters was, "At your age, what can you expect?" But he didn't feel that any physician worthy of the name could absolve himself so easily. Over and over he asked himself: "What can we do for these veterans of life who put all their hopes in us?"

He became convinced that, given the proper facilities and cooperation, he could forestall for many men and women the dreaded period of the Great Decline. In 1940, at Harvard University where he occupied a post in the Department of Medicine, Dr. Monroe made a momentous decision. He would open a clinic at Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital to study diseases in old people, to teach medical men what it found out, and to view old people as total living personalities and pay vigorous attention to all aspects of their lives.

Almost singlehandedly, Dr. Monroe went ahead with his bold, new attack on the enemies of longer and better living. "After ten years' experience in clinical geriatrics," he says today, "I am convinced the work is worth while."

He has found out many astonishing things about old people. Most have high blood pressure, but this need not be dangerous or disabling. Most have pain that suggests arthritis, yet much can be done through correction of posture and proper exercise to relieve this muscular difficulty. Malnutrition is present to some degree in almost every person over 60, but this may be the result merely of loss of appetite due to mental depression, one of the greatest enemies of oldsters.

MOST PATIENTS come to Geriatric Clinic simply "frightened to death," complaining of an infinite variety of ailments, a few real but a great many imaginary. They have lost their self-confidence. They have been floored largely by the fear of aging itself, picturing their age as a twilight darkening into night. They have developed fears that they are losing their mental competence.

Actually, the facts are not nearly as bad as fancied. In a recent statistical survey of nearly 8,000 men and women over 61, who were studied in the medical service of Peter Bent Brigham Hospital over a period of 30 years, only two per cent were found to be senile. From 25 to 27 per cent had some neurosis, almost half only temporary. Most of the patients were normal mentally or merely depressed by circumstances.

A 73-year-old tailor, in the depths of despair, was referred to the Clinic. He had lost his job and all his money. He went down the ladder of social prestige to shamed idleness, wore out the good will of his three married children, and took old-age assistance as soon as he became eligible for it. At 70, he underwent



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operations for hernia and bursitis. He was found to be suffering from angina pectoris and psychoneurosis.

His mental reaction seemed to be caused by idleness, defeat, and reliance on charity. His physical discomforts became important daily events and excuses for not coping with life.

Dr. Monroe's first contribution was to determine that the angina pectoris was not a great threat, since it was already of five years' duration, during which time the patient had had a normal electrocardiogram, normal blood pressure, and no heart failure.

The Doctor's second contribution was to show that the patient had suffered no other serious disease deterioration. Therefore, he was urged to become active both mentally and physically. To gain his cooperation took much time, and much discussion with him of life and its meaning.

Finally, he appeared at a settlement house. Soon he began to sew for the Red Cross (he had feared that earning money might endanger his old-age assistance). Shortly thereafter his neurosis had lessened, his angina became rare, his worries did not weigh so heavily.

Seven months later, he was serving part-time for a charitable organization, earning $14 a month. Then he gave up old-age assistance and earned his living with confidence as a tailor, for the first time in 12 years. His general condition was good, he had no complaints, he was a rehabilitated man.

EXPERIENCE at the Clinic has shown that much that passes for senility turns out to be merely physical or mental unfitness. Dr. Monroe points out that the trouble with most people is that they fail to condition themselves for the later years of life. They exercise only as their jobs, or vacations and hobbies, require. When they find themselves alone or retired, they are totally unprepared for the sudden shock.

That is why the Geriatric Clinic considers among its indispensable tools for rehabilitation such varied services as education courses directed toward new jobs, new hobbies and handicrafts; public-library lectures; employment centers; summer day-camps; swimming pools; social clubs; dance halls, and other recreation centers.

Monroe has found that regular exercise and play, such as bowling, shuffleboard, ring toss, and dancing to restore a sense of timing and coordination, have beneficial effects on patients with high blood pressure, hypertensive heart disease, arthritis, tremors, and partial paralysis.

Not one Clinic patient in ten years has been lost to a mental hospital. The patients are seen as often and as long as necessary, though Dr. Monroe is the only geriatrician at the Clinic, often devoting four hour-long interviews with a single patient to the preparation of the important medical history alone.

The cost of the Clinic to Peter Bent Brigham Hospital is the use of a room, and a small share in the services of the floor nurse, admitting secretary, and laboratory technician for routine procedures. The hospital collects the usual clinic fees from those who should pay. In order not to be limited in the choice of patients by their ability to pay, Dr. Monroe has set aside a small fund consisting of payments received for



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personal speaking engagements and from patients' gifts, which he draws on for worthy referrals.

Today, old people make up about 12 per cent of the total population of the U.S. Yet at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, for example, one in every three medical-service admissions is over 61 years of age. A recent survey of the almshouses of Massachusetts showed that two-thirds of the occupants were over 65, and two-thirds of these were bed or semi-bed patients.

In New York State, mental institutions now absorb one-third of the State's operating budget. There are more than 100,000 patients in about 30 institutions. A similar, proportionate situation prevails in most other states. One of the most important reasons for the new peak in mental aid is that more people are living longer, thereby increasing the chances of mental disorders developing along with other diseases presumed to be the result of aging.

We are spending millions for institutional care of our elderly. We are spending hardly a dime to prevent the need of care arising. Hundreds of new clinics and rehabilitation facilities are needed in every community from Maine to California, so that the rich benefits of geriatric treatment can be brought within reach of all.

A clinic need not be expensive. Dr. Monroe believes that the annual expenses can be met, in terms of community cost, by the rescue of no more than a score of older people from charity and their restoration to economic independence.

The question is not, "How can we afford more clinics like Dr. Monroe's?" but rather, "How can we afford not to have them?"

## Campus Capers

DURING AN ECLIPSE of the moon, one college freshman arrived at the observatory with her camera. She said that she wanted to take a picture of the moon when it would be entirely eclipsed. Someone remarked that she wouldn't get much of a picture, but she was unperturbed.

"Oh, don't worry about that. I have a flashbulb attachment."

*—Stanford Chaparral*

"DO YOU THINK your son will forget everything he learned at the University?" the new graduate's father was asked.

"I hope so," was the worried reply. "He can't make a living necking!"

*—Ohio State Sundial*

MARYLYN WAS OFF at a coeducational college, and her father, a practical farmer, got tired of reading her letters because they were filled with accounts of dates, dances, and campus affairs. He was interested in hearing more about studies and classes.

"Here," he told his wife, handing her Marylyn's latest effusion, which he had just opened. "Suppose you look through this first and then read it to me, leaving out the parts about boys."

Marylyn's mother glanced hurriedly through the six closely written pages. "All right," she told her husband. "Here's what she says. 'Dearest Dad and Mom . . . Love, Marylyn'."

*—Wall Street Journal*



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# SOS
## IN THE NIGHT

*by* LESLIE FORBES

AS THE 17-YEAR-OLD BOY entered the telegraph office in Port Huron, Michigan, a gust of wind slammed the door behind him.

"It's not so cold out tonight," he remarked to the telegraph operator. "The ice on the river will begin to move soon."

"Pretty quiet around here," the operator said. "There hasn't been a sound on the wire for the past hour or more."

The boy removed his overcoat, stomped the snow off his boots, and walked to the telegraph machine. He opened the key and began tapping out a test message to the operator at Sarnia, Canada, a mile across the St. Clair River. But the sounder at his elbow failed to register his signals.

"No wonder it's been so quiet around here," he exclaimed. "The wire is dead!"

Alarmed, the operator hurried to the machine. At that moment a man rushed into the office in great excitement.

"There's been an accident out on the river!" he said. "A boat is being crushed in an ice jam. We've got to get word to Sarnia. The only help can come from there."

"That explains the dead wire," said the boy. "The cable to Sarnia must be broken."

For a moment the three stood there, terrified by helplessness. Suddenly the silence was broken by the piercing whistle of the evening train as it pulled into Port Huron. The boy grabbed his coat and rushed from the room.

Running as fast as he could to the railroad yards, he jumped aboard the locomotive as it came to a stop. Hastily he explained the predicament to the engineer. Then, without further delay, he seized the whistle cord and began jerking it in a curious rhythm of long and short blasts.

Then he waited. Seconds later he repeated the blasts, then again and again. Finally he heard an answering far-off whistle.

He decoded the message aloud: "Rescue . . . ship . . . leaving . . . now . . . for . . . damaged . . . vessel." Then he grinned and turned to the telegraph operator who had followed him to the train.

"Good work, son," the operator said. "Just keep using your head like that and some day the world will be hearing a lot about Thomas Alva Edison!"



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Anniston, Anniston Storage Co.
Bessemer, Johnson Transfer Co.
Birmingham, John T. Lynch
Birmingham, Owen's Transfer & Storage Co.
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Gadsden, Watson Transfer
Huntsville, Alabama Truck Line
Mobile, Baldwin Transfer Co.
*Montgomery, Ace Storage & Moving Co., Inc.*
Opelika, Lambert Transfer Co.
Sylacauga, Motes Transfer Co.
Talladega, Robertson Transfer & Storage Co.
Tuscaloosa, Bolton-Adair Transfer Co.
Tuskegee, Scott's Transfer & Service

**ARIZONA**
Phoenix, H & R Transfer & Storage Co.
Prescott, Kelly Freight Lines
Tucson, Ralph's Transfer & Storage Co.

**ARKANSAS**
Arkadelphia, P. W. Ligon Transfer Co.
Forrest City, Burnett Truck Lines
Fort Smith, Johnston Storage Warehouse, Inc.
Hope, Prescott Transfer
Hot Springs, Lewis Transfer & Storage Co.
Jonesboro, Smith Transfer
Little Rock, Gathright Van & Storage Co.
Malvern, Hoskins Moving & Storage Co.
Pine Bluff, Gathright Van & Storage Co.
*Prescott, Prescott Transfer Co.*
Rogers, Rogers Transfer & Storage Co.

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Dunsmuir, Williams Fuel & Transfer
Fontana, Fontana Van & Storage
Fresno, Fresno Van & Storage
Inglewood, General Transfer & Storage Co.
Lancaster, Telford Moving Service
Long Beach, Pacific Van & Storage Co.
Los Angeles, North American Van Lines, Inc.
Los Angeles, Avalon Moving & Storage Co.
Los Angeles, California Cartage Co., Inc.
Los Angeles, Hunt Transfer Co., Inc.
Los Angeles, Pacific Van & Storage Co.
*Novato, Lloyd's Moving & Storage Co.*
Oakland, North American Van Lines, Inc.
Oakland, Hunt Transfer Co., Inc.
Oceanside, Pacific Van & Stge. Co.

**CALIFORNIA (continued)**
Pacific Grove, Abby's Transfer & Storage
Pasadena, Oneonta Transfer & Storage
Pomona, Morrow Trucking Co.
Richmond, Richmond Transfer & Storage Co.
Rodeo, Curly's Van & Storage
Sacramento, Boone's Transfer & Storage Co.
San Bernardino, Krona Van & Storage Co.
San Diego, Dyer Van & Storage Co.
San Diego, Lyon Van & Storage Co.
*San Francisco, Nevil Storage Co.*
San Francisco, North Amer. Van Lines, Inc.
San Jose, San Jose Moving & Storage Co.
Santa Maria, Telford Moving Service
*Santa Monica, Security Van & Storage Co.*
South Pasadena, Oneonta Trans. & Stge. Co.
Sun Valley, Telford Moving Service
Vallejo, City Transfer & Storage Co.
West Los Angeles, Bryan's Mov. & Storage

**COLORADO**
Boulder, City Storage & Transfer
Colorado Springs, Nicoll Warehousing Co., Inc.
Delta, Delta Milling Co.
Denver, Amick Transfer & Storage Co.
Grand Junction, Wood Van & Storage Co.
Lamar, Wyatt's Service Center
*Pueblo, Bennett's Transportation Co.*
Salida, Mulvaney Transfer Co.
Salida, Salida Transfer Co.
Trinidad, Bennett's Transportation Co.

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Ansonia, Palmer Brothers
Bridgeport, West End Mov. & Stge. Co., Inc.
Cos Cob, Callahan Brothers
Hartford, Nationwide Despatch & Stge. Co.
Jewett City, P. Walenda
Lakeville, Louis Arnoff
Meriden, Carl H. Salka & Sons
New Haven, Vosburgh Co., Inc. (West Haven)
New London, Rogovin Express Co.
Norwalk, Valleries Trans. Service, Inc.
Stamford, The Stamford Storage Co., Inc.
Stratford, Derosier Storage
Torrington, John H. Daley Trucking Co.
Waterbury, T. W. Robillard
*Westport, Westport Transfer Co.*
Willimantic, Watson's Express & Storage
Wilton, John F. Goetjen & Son
Winsted, Lovetere Transportation

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Wilmington, Louderback Transportation Co.

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**
Washington, North American Van Lines, Inc.

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Daytona Beach, Halifax Transfer
Fort Lauderdale, Atlantic Transfer & Stge. Co.
Fort Myers, City Transfer & Storage Co.
Fort Pierce, Hart Furniture & Storage Co.
Jacksonville, Allison Transfer Co.
Miami, John Morris Trucking Service, Inc.
Miami Beach, Miami Beach Trans. & Stge. Co.
*New Smyrna Beach, Edwards Trans. & Stge.*
Orlando, Fulford Storage Co.
Panama City, Atwell Transfer Co.
Pensacola, The Atwell Transfer Co., Inc.
Perry, Leroy's Transfer
St. Augustine, Craig's Service Trucking Co.
St. Petersburg, Goodall Bros. Trans. & Whse. Co.
Sanford, Lossing's Transfer & Storage
Sarasota, Sarasota Transfer & Storage Co.
Tampa, Florida Packing, Stge. & Moving Co.
Vero Beach, Hart Van & Storage of Vero
West Palm Beach, J. A. Selter
Winter Park, Staley Van & Storage Co.

**GEORGIA**
Albany, Security Storage & Moving Service
Americus, H. B. Arnold Co.
Athens, Thomas Transfer Co.
Atlanta, Clark's Transfer Service, Inc.
Atlanta, North Amer. Van Lines, Inc.
Augusta, Harrison Transfer Co.
Brunswick, Whittle Warehouse & Storage
Cedartown, Reedy Transfer
Columbus, Security Storage & Moving Serv.
Dalton, Geo. C. Murdock Transfer Co.
Griffin, Bowden Transfer
*Hartwell, R. M. Glenn*
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Charleston, Carl Hall Transfer
Chester, Roth Truck Service
Chicago, North American Van Lines
Clinton, Obermeyer Transfer & Storage Co.
Danville, Thomas Transfer & Storage
Dixon, Pearson Transfer Co.
East St. Louis, John A. Ryan, Inc.
Freeport, Vandenburg & O'Mara Trans. & Stge.
Galesburg, Moore's Transfer
Herrin, Lindsay & Son
Highland Park, Rafferty Transfer & Stge. Co.
Kankakee, Oberlin Trucking Co.
LaGrange, Thomas & Foy
Lincoln, Barrick Transfer Co.
Mattoon, Ethington Transfer & Storage Co.
Metropolis, Crawford's Transfer Co.
Moline, Spiegel Moving & Storage, Inc.
Mt. Vernon, Harlow Moving & Storage Service
Peoria, Koch Transfer Co.
Peoria, H. C. Dod, Peoria Moving Service
Peru, H. J. Tobler Transfer, Inc.
Pontiac, Johnson Transfer Co.
Quincy, Orscheln Bros. Truck Lines, Inc.
Rockford, Superior Sales & Service, Inc.
Rockford, Nathan Lawson & Sons
Shelbyville, Vincent Reed Truck Service
Springfield, Abe Lincoln Transfer & Storage
Waukegan, Waukegan Storage & Whse. Co.

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Indianapolis, Carleton Transit Co., Inc.
Indianapolis, North Side Transfer Co., Inc.
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Indianapolis, York Transfer & Storage
Kokomo, Kinney Transit Line, Inc.
Lafayette, Rawlings Transfer & Storage
Laporte, Akins Transfer
Marion, Hazel E. Lemon Moving & Stge. Co.
Muncie, Hulse Moving & Storage Co.
New Albany, Wright's Moving & Storage Co.
Peru, Guyer, The Mover
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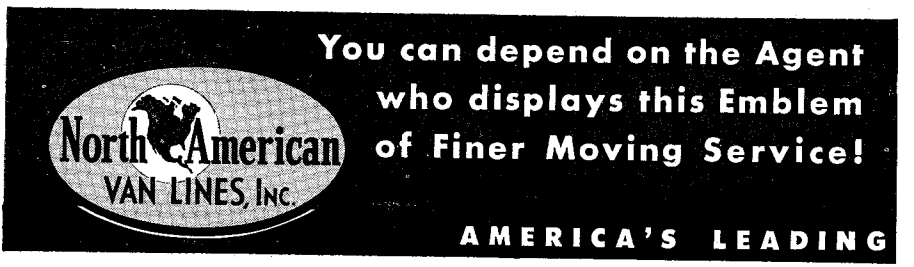
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Council Bluffs, Chieftain Van & Storage
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Decorah, Decorah Terminal
Denison, Crouse Cartage Co.
Des Moines, North American Van Lines, Inc.
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Eagle Grove, Steve Umthun & Sons
Emmetsburg, McNamara's Moving Service
Estherville, H & O Transfer Co.
Fairfield, Stallman Transfer Co.
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Fort Madison, Bryant Transfer
Independence, Lower Transfer
Iowa City, Thompson Transfer & Storage Co.
Knoxville, Knoxville Transfer & Storage
Marshalltown, Rinehart Moving & Stge. Serv.
Mason City, Heimendinger Transfer Line
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Muscatine, Poole Transfer, Inc.
Newton, Merchants Transfer Co.
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### KANSAS
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Goodland, Ramsey Transfer & Storage
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Leavenworth, North American Van Lines
Norton, Ideal Truck Line
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Wichita, North American Van Lines, Inc.
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Frankfort, Frankfort Transfer
Fulton, Loyd Bone Transfer
Hazard, Union Transfer Co.
Henderson, Paul Sheets & Sons
Lexington, Try Me Transfer
Louisville, North American Van Lines
Mayfield, Gillum Transfer Co.
Maysville, Germann Bros. Motor Transportation, Inc.
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Framingham, Herbert E. West, Inc.
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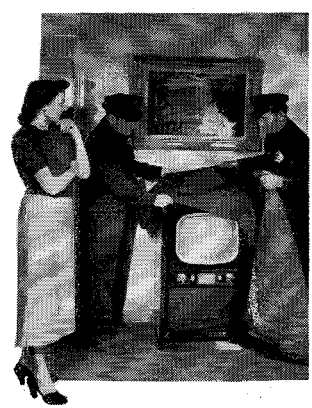
Red Wing, Haustein Fuel & Transfer Co.
Red Wing, Kosec Transfer Co.
Rochester, Ace Transfer & Storage Co.
St. Cloud, Maiers Transfer Co.
St. Paul, Beltmann Co.



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Clarksdale, Cooper Coal & Transfer Co.
Cleveland, Don Ewbank Motor Freight, Inc.
Columbus, Columbus Warehouse & Stge. Co.
Corinth, Bell Coal & Transfer Co.
Greenville, Don Ewbank Motor Freight, Inc.
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Cape Girardeau, Nichols Transfer & Storage
Carthage, Bert Meese Transfer
Carrollton, Orscheln Bros. Truck Lines, Inc.
Centralia, Orscheln Bros. Truck Lines, Inc.
Chillicothe, Virgil Chapman
Columbia, Orscheln Bros. Truck Lines, Inc.
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Hannibal, Orscheln Bros. Truck Lines, Inc.
Independence, Abke Moving & Storage, Inc.
Jefferson City, Orscheln Bros. Truck Lines, Inc.
Joplin, Henry E. Blaha
Kansas City, North American Van Lines
Kansas City, Hite Bros. Moving & Storage Co., Inc.
Kirksville, Orscheln Bros. Truck Lines, Inc.
Macon, Orscheln Bros. Truck Lines, Inc.
Marshall, Orscheln Bros. Truck Lines, Inc.
Mexico, Orscheln Bros. Truck Lines, Inc.
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Moberly, Orscheln Bros. Truck Lines, Inc.
Poplar Bluff, Pearce Transfer
Rolla, H. V. Brown—North Amer. Van Lines
St. Louis, Aalco Express Co., Inc.
St. Louis, Cord Moving & Storage Co.
St. Louis, Fair Moving & Storage Co.
St. Louis, Homeyer & Engelhard Moving & Storage Co., Inc.

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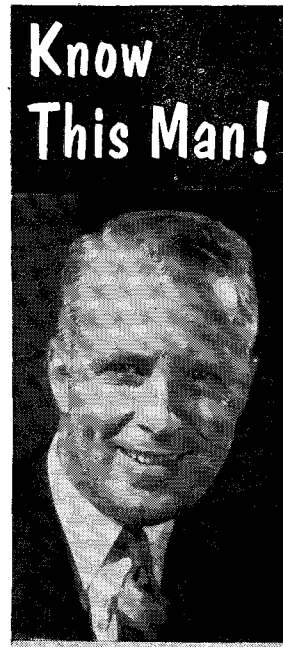
Springfield, Lee Morris Transfer Co.
Webb City, Rex's Transfer & Storage
Webster Groves, Sparks Moving & Stge. Co.

**MONTANA**
Billings, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Bozeman, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Butte, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Butte, World Transfer
Glendive, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Great Falls, Judge Transfer Co.
Helena, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Kalispell, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Lewistown, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Miles City, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Missoula, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Shelby, F & R Transfer

**NEBRASKA**
Alliance, Live Wire Transfer Lines
Beatrice, Gore Transfer
Chadron, Live Wire Transfer Lines
Fremont, Fremont Union Transfer Co.
Grand Island, Nielsen & Petersen, Inc.
Lincoln, We Move Transfer & Storage
McCook, Campbell Transfer
Norfolk, Andrews Transfer & Storage
North Platte, Nielsen & Petersen, Inc.
Ogallala, Ogallala Truck Line Van & Storage
Omaha, I-Go Van and Storage Co.
Scottsbluff, Merchants Transfer & Stge. Co.
Sidney, Ogallala Truck Line Van & Storage
Wymore, Gore Transfer

**NEW HAMPSHIRE**
Berlin, Morneau & Sons
Concord, Tony A. Lamy & Son
Derry, Wells Motor Transportation, Inc.
Manchester, Ray The Mover
Portsmouth, M. J. Whalen

**NEW JERSEY**
Asbury Park, Elberon Express
Atlantic Highlands, Banfield Mov. & Stge. Co.
Cresskill, Ochse Brothers
Deal, Elberon Express
Hackensack, Glock Bros.
Lakewood, Hecht Brothers, Inc.
Newark, North American Van Lines, Inc.
Newark, Federal Storage
Palmyra, George H. Louderback
Perth Amboy, Borup & Sons
Red Bank, Banfield Moving & Storage Co.
South Bound Brook, R & M Movers, Inc.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# MOVING TRANSFERRED PERSONNEL, EQUIPMENT, TRADE SHOW DISPLAYS

### NEW JERSEY (continued)
Toms River, Hecht Brothers, Inc.
Trenton, North American Van Lines
Whitehouse Station, R. S. Plog

### NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque, Southwest Moving & Stge. Co.
Clovis, Valley Transfer
Las Vegas, Wicks Transfer & Storage
Raton, Bennett's Transportation Co.
Roswell, Valley Transfer & Storage Co.
Santa Fe, Bennett's Transportation Co.
Taos, Bennett's Transportation Co.

### NEW YORK
Albany, Cook Moving & Storage
Baldwin, Austin Verity & Sons, Inc.
Bay Shore, Bay Shore Storage Warehouse
Binghamton, F. D. Pettis Trucking Co.
Brewster, Prisco Brothers
Bronx, Highbridge Van Co., Inc.
Brooklyn, L. Curth & Sons
Brooklyn, McNally Bros. Moving & Storage
Brooklyn, Thomas F. Healey
Buffalo, North American Van Lines, Inc.
Buffalo, P. J. Garvey Carting & Storage, Inc.
Buffalo, Kenmore Moving & Storage Co.
Buffalo, Lafayette Storage & Moving Corp.
Buffalo, Lincoln Storage of Buffalo, Inc.
Buffalo, Wilson Moving & Storage Co.
Catskill, Floyd Deyo
Corning, Naglee Moving & Storage
Cortland, Sweeney Brothers
Elmira Heights, Naglee Moving & Storage
Flushing, Flushing Van & Storage Co., Inc.
Flushing, Rabe Brothers
Geneva, Geneva Moving & Storage, Inc.
Glen Head, L. I., A. P. Whelen & Son
Glens Falls, Dewey's Van Service
Hamburg, Fisher Carting & Moving
Hamilton, Cossitt Motor Express
Hammondsport, Desmond D. McCann
Harrison, Hugh Shea & Sons
Hempstead, George's Messenger & Mov. Serv.
Herkimer, Sam Lamanna
Hicksville, Empire Storage Warehouse
Huntington, R. K. Davis & Son
Ithaca, Student Transfer
Jackson Heights, Lenihan Moving & Storage
Kenmore, Kenmore Moving & Storage Co.
Kingston, Kingston Transfer Co., Inc.
Lake Placid, Otis Transfer Co.
Long Island City, Steinway Van & Storage Co.
Malone, Chapin & Co.
Mamaroneck, Jubb's Express
Mamaroneck, Lightbody Brothers Storage, Inc.
Massena, R. A. Squires
Middletown, C. A. Doolittle
Monroe, Beckwith's Moving & Storage
Mt. Kisco, Murphy Brothers
Mt. Vernon, Fitzgibbon Storage Whse., Inc.
Mt. Vernon, Alfred Koepper
Mt. Vernon, Herman Meyers Moving Co., Inc.
New Rochelle, Lightbody Brothers Stge., Inc.
New York, Sofia Bros., Inc.
Nyack, Stierlen's Express
Olean, Geise & Son
Oneonta, Hayes' B-Line Delivery

Every precious article of yours rides securely in a North American "van of progress!"

### NEW YORK (continued)
Ossining, Hiltsley & Cummings
Oswego, Latour Moving & Trucking
Plattsburgh, Legier Brothers
Port Jervis, John Cicerone & Son
Poughkeepsie, Roe Movers Storage
Rochester, George M. Clancy Carting Co., Inc.
Richmond Hill, Rabe Brothers
Rome, Ingersoll Moving & Storage Co.
Salamanca, Evans Bros.
Saranac Lake, R. J. Marshall Trucking Co.
Scarsdale, Noble Van & Storage Co.
Slaterville Springs, Crispell Brothers
Southampton, B. R. Miller
Syracuse, LaVoy Moving & Storage
Utica, Broad Street Warehouse Corp.
Utica, Natale Trucking Co.
Utica, James D. Murphy
Utica, Ed Pelaw Piano & Furniture Movers
Watertown, Howard J. Rockefeller
Westfield, Westfield Moving & Delivery Serv.
White Plains, Lightbody Brothers Stge., Inc.
Yonkers, Hall Moving Co.

### NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville, City Transfer Co.
Boone, H. W. Wilcox
Charlotte, Eastern Transit-Storage Co.
Durham, Durham Transfer & Storage, Inc.
Fayetteville, AAA Moving & Storage
Goldsboro, Wayne Bonded Warehouse
Greensboro, Tatum-Dalton Transfer Co.
Greenville, W. C. Taylor, Jr.
Hamlet, Johnson's Motor Service
Hickory, Abernethy Transfer & Storage Co.
High Point, Humphreys Transfer
Kannapolis, Wyatt Transfer & Storage Co., Inc.
Kinston, Merchants Transfer & Storage Co.
Morganton, Allman's Transfer
Morehead City, Stanley E. Wainwright
Mount Airy, Haynes Transfer

### NORTH CAROLINA (continued)
New Bern, Ormond Transfer Co.
Raleigh, Warren's Transfer
Reidsville, Carter Trucking Co.
Rocky Mount, W. I. Tanner Transfer Co.
Shelby, Dedmon Trucking
Statesville, Holland Transfer Co.
Washington, W. C. Spruill
Wilmington, Murray Transfer Co.
Wilson, Forbes Transfer Co.
Winston-Salem, Winston Moving Service

### NORTH DAKOTA
Bismarck, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Bismarck, Dakota Transfer & Storage Co.
Devils Lake, Dakota Transfer & Storage Co.
Fargo, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Fargo, Dakota Transfer & Storage Co.
Grand Forks, Dakota Transfer & Storage Co.
Grand Forks, Bill Whalen & Sons Transfer
Minot, Dakota Transfer & Storage Co.
Wahpeton, Lenzmeier, Inc.
Williston, Dakota Transfer & Storage Co.

### OHIO
Akron, Dickson Moving & Storage, Inc.
Akron, North American Van Lines, Inc.
Alliance, E. C. Decker Moving & Storage
Ashtabula, W. B. Coleman
Athens, Williams Transfer & Parcel Delivery
Bellevue, Ritter Truck Line
Bryan, Bryan Truck Line, Inc.
Bucyrus, Star Delivery & Transfer
Cambridge, Marks Transfer & Storage Co.
Canton, McKinley Storage & Transfer Co.
Cincinnati, North American Van Lines
Cincinnati, Weil Fireproof Warehouse Co.
Circleville, Circleville Transfer Co.
Cleveland, Ross C. Avellone
Cleveland, D & H Moving and Stge. Co.
Cleveland, The Wm. Fridrich Mov. & Stge. Co.
Cleveland, Albert E. Ward, Inc.
Cleveland, Warner Storage, Inc.
Columbiana, Columbiana Stge. Whse. Co.
Columbus, The Hilltop Van & Storage Co., Inc.
Columbus, Swormstedt Storage & Van Co.
Coshocton, Al Riley's Storage & Transfer
Dayton, Lewis & Michael, Inc.
Dover, Beller Transfer
Elyria, Pete Held Transfer Co.
Fostoria, Dieter Truck Line
Fremont, N. I. Woleslagel
Gallipolis, Mills Transfer Co.
Geneva, The Geneva Transfer Co.
Greenfield, White Transfer & Storage
Hillsboro, Hillsboro Transportation Co.
Kenton, Kenton Transfer, Inc.
Lakewood, The Wm. Fridrich Mov. & Stge. Co.
Lancaster, City Transfer
Lima, Duff Truck Line, Inc.
Lodi, Grimm Trucking Co.
Lorain, City Transfer Co.
Mansfield, Frank Williams Trans. & Stge. Co.
Marietta, Merchants Delivery
Massillon, Kaserman Moving & Trucking Co.
Mingo Junction, R. Humes Transfer Co.
Newark, J. J. Pfeffer's Sons
Painesville, Leon Barnum Moving & Storage

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### OHIO (continued)
Piqua, Piqua Transfer & Storage Co., Inc.
Portsmouth, Roby Pitts Transfer
Ripley, Germann Bros. Motor Trans., Inc.
Salem, Herron Transfer Co.
Springfield, North American Van Lines
Steubenville, R. Humes Transfer Co.
Strasburg, Beller Transfer & Von Kaenel Trucking
Sunbury, Main Trucking Co.
Toledo, The Sam Davis Co.
Urbana, R. L. Craig
Van Wert, Don Smith
Wapakoneta, Wapak Trucking Co.
Warren, The J. M. Barbe Co.
Wilmington, Sewell Motor Express
Youngstown, North American Van Lines, Inc.
Youngstown, Fullerton Transfer & Stge. Co.
Zanesville, Putnam Trans. & Storage Co.

### OKLAHOMA
Altus, Altus Hollis Transport Co.
Chickasha, Painter Transfer & Storage Co.
Lawton, O. K. Transfer & Storage Co.
McAlester, Sims Transfer & Storage Co.
Oklahoma City, Tom Munday Mov. & Stge. Co.
Tulsa, Federal Storage & Van Co., Inc.

### OREGON
Baker, Ben's Transfer & Storage Co.
Bend, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Coos Bay, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Eugene, Eugene Transfer & Storage Co.
Grants Pass, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Hermiston, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Hood River, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Klamath Falls, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
LaGrande, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Lebanon, State-Wide Transfer
Medford, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Ontario, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Pendleton, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.

### OREGON (continued)
Portland, North American Van Lines, Inc.
Portland, Hunt Transfer Co., Inc.
Redmond, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Roseburg, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Salem, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
The Dalles, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.

### PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown, C. Keller & Sons
Altoona, Lytle's Transfer & Storage
Bloomsburg, H. Edmund Miller
Bradford, Harry Singer
California, J. E. Marshall Transfer
Chambersburg, T. M. Zimmerman Co.
Clearfield, Krebs Brothers Transfer Co.
Coatesville, A. Duie Pyle
Emporium, M. H. Logan Transfer & Storage
Erie, B. F. Fields Moving & Storage
Gettysburg, Peoples Transfer
Grove City, McKnight Bros. Trans. & Stge. Co.
Hanover, Shaffer Transfer
Harrisburg, Geo. W. Weaver & Son, Inc.
Hazelton, Berlitz Brothers
Jeannette, J. E. Robertson Trans. & Stge. Co.
Johnstown, Morrellsville Transfer Co.
Kane, W. H. Christie & Sons
Lancaster, Keystone Moving Co.
Meadville, A. N. Rohleder
Milford, John Cicerone & Son
Moosic, Akens Moving & Storage
New Castle, E. D. Fee Transfer
Northumberland, Paul S. Crebs
Oil City, Hanna Transfer Co.
Philadelphia, Louderback Transportation Co.
Pittsburgh, Hoeveler Warehouse Co.
Pottsville, Evans Delivery Co.
Reading, Fritz Moving Co., Inc.
Scranton, Akens Moving & Storage
Scranton, William Land, Inc.
Sharon, Copey's Transfer
Somerset, Schrock Transfer

### PENNSYLVANIA (continued)
State College, Hoy Transfer Co.
Steelton, Geo. W. Weaver & Son, Inc.
Stroudsburg, J. R. Lesoine Mov. & Stge. Co.
Warren, Warren Transfer & Storage Co.
West Hazelton, Berlitz Brothers
Wilkes-Barre, Henry J. Elick
Williamsport, Harman & Myers Express
Windber, Weaver Moving Co.
York, J. D. Leonard

### RHODE ISLAND
Providence, North American Van Lines, Inc.
Providence, Lans Warehouse Co.
Warwick, Silver Arrow Van Lines, Inc.
Westerly, T. H. Collings Moving & Storage, a/k/a Westerly Trucking Service

### SOUTH CAROLINA
Aiken, Jackson Transfer
Anderson, Joseph W. Morris Transfer
Camden, Orr Transfer & Storage
Charleston, Tumbleston & Scott Transfer, Inc.
Columbia, Donalan Terminal Warehouse Co.
Florence, Privette's Transfer & Forwarding Co.
Georgetown, Joyner Transfer Co.
Greenville, Leo Brown Transfer Co.
Greenwood, Greenwood Transfer Co.
Laurens, Laurens Whse. & Transfer Terminal
Orangeburg, Godwin Truck Lines
Rock Hill, Rice Transfer
Spartanburg, Eastern Transit-Storage Co.
Sumter, Kelly Motor Lines, Inc.

### SOUTH DAKOTA
Aberdeen, Shevlin Delivery Service
Brookings, George E. Perkins
Deadwood, Pioneer Transfer & Storage Co.
Hot Springs, White Line Transfer & Stge. Co.
Mitchell, Porter Transfer & Storage
Pierre, Blue Line Transfer
Rapid City, White Line Transfer & Storage
Sioux Falls, Parker Transfer & Storage
Watertown, Skinner Transfer & Storage Co.
Yankton, Van Derhule Transfer & Stge. Co.

### TENNESSEE
Chattanooga, A.B.C. Transfer & Storage Co.
Clarksville, Jasper Transfer Co., Inc.
Cleveland, Cleveland Transfer Co.
Columbia, Victory Van Lines
Dyersburg, Templeton Transfer Co.
Jackson, Jasper Transfer & Storage
Kingsport, Tom Still Transfer Co., Inc.
Knoxville, North American Van Lines, Inc.
Lafollette, McCulloch Transfer & Storage
Loudon, Proffitt Vans
Manchester, Superior Trucking Service, Inc.
Maryville, Sutton Transfer & Storage Co.
Memphis, Jasper Transfer Co.
Nashville, Hudgins Moving & Storage
Nashville, Ozburn-Hessey Storage Co.
Oak Ridge, North American Van Lines, Inc.
Oak Ridge, Proffitt Vans
Paris, Kemp Transfer Co.
Tullahoma, Proffitt Vans

### TEXAS
Amarillo, North American Van Lines, Inc.
Austin, Ricks Moving & Storage Co.
Baytown, Hasty Transfer & Storage Co.
Beaumont, Flash Transfer & Storage Co.
Big Spring, Neel's Transfer, a/k/a Big Spring Transfer & Storage
Borger, Bruce & Son Transfer & Storage
Brady, Burks Transfer & Storage Co.
Brownsville, Lawson Transfer & Storage
Bryan, E. J. McBride Transfer & Storage Co.
Childress, Mashburn Transfer & Storage Co.
Cisco, Cisco Transfer & Storage Co.
Coleman, Geo. D. Rhone Whse. & Trans. Co.
Comanche, Burks Transfer & Storage Co.

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### TEXAS (continued)
Corpus Christi, Mac Transfer & Storage Co.
Dalhart, Dalhart Transfer
Dallas, North American Van Lines, Inc.
Dallas, Central Transfer & Storage Co., Inc.
El Paso, Odom's Transfer & Storage Co., Inc.
Fort Worth, O. K. Warehouse Co., Inc.
Gainesville, Marlin & Rosson Mov. & Stge. Co.
Galveston, Shook Transfer & Storage Co.
Georgetown, King Transfer
Glaciewater, Chandler Transfer Co.
Grand Prairie, Lewis Transfer & Storage
Greenville, Frank Wolfe's Bonded Warehouse
Henderson, Jimerson Transfer & Storage Co.
Houston, Harris Moving & Storage Co.
Jacksonville, H. T. Swink Bonded Transfer
Kerrville, Kerrville Bonded Warehouse
Longview, Cornelsen Transfer & Warehouse
Lubbock, Mann Warehouse & Transfer, Inc.
Lufkin, Denum Transfer & Storage
McKinney, Thurman Storage Co.
Marshall, A. W. Dunn Transfer & Storage Co.
Midland, Rocky Ford Moving Vans
Mineral Wells, Ware's Transfer & Storage
New Braunfels, Paul W. Jahn
Odessa, Rocky Ford Moving Vans
Palestine, Palestine Transfer & Storage Co.
Pampa, Bruce & Son Transfer & Storage
Paris, Frank Wolf Transfer & Storage
Port Arthur, Sunshine Transfer, Moving & Storage Co.
San Angelo, San Angelo Transfer Co.
San Antonio, Merchants Transfer & Stge. Co.
Seguin, I. W. Burrows
Sulphur Springs, Frank Wolf Trans. & Stge.
Taylor, Stone Transfer & Storage Co.
Temple, Gee Transfer & Storage
Tyler, Francis Transfer & Storage Co.
Victoria, Victoria Transfer & Storage Co.
Waco, Waco Transfer & Storage Co.
Weatherford, Ware's Transfer & Storage
Wichita Falls, Baker-Duncan Van & Stge. Co.

### UTAH
Ogden, Slade Transfer
Salt Lake City, North American Van Lines, Inc.
Salt Lake City, Sugar House Transfer
Tooele, The Barton Truck Line Inc.

### VERMONT
Barre, Anderson Bros., Inc.
Bellows Falls, Rugg's Express
Brattleboro, Earl F. Collins, Mover
Burlington, Gero Brothers
Essex Junction, Hilliker & Mc Lure Van Service
Londonderry, Rowley's Motor Express
Lyndonville, A. J. Blair
Rutland, Wilson Fast Freight
St. Albans, George E. Hilliker
White River Junction, C. E. Kelton

### VIRGINIA
Alexandria, Alpha Van Lines, Inc.
Altavista, Yeatts Transfer Co.
Arlington, Cavalier Moving & Storage
Arlington, Sterling Storage & Van Co., Inc.
Bristol, Smith's Transfer & Storage
Charlottesville, Norcross Transfer
Clifton Forge, Arthur B. Hall Trans. & Stge. Co.
Culpeper, A. W. Hawkins, Inc.
Falls Church, J. E. Anderson Mov. & Stge.
Fredericksburg, Hilldrup Transfer
Harrisonburg, Meadows Transfer
Lexington, Lexington Transfer Co.
Lynchburg, Knight Transfer
Martinsville, J. C. Wooldridge
Norfolk, Prudential Storage & Van Corp.
Pulaski, Walters Transfer Co.
Quantico, Hilldrup Transfer
Richmond, M. W. Cosby Co., Inc.
Roanoke, Arnold's Transfer & Storage Co.
Waynesboro, John C. Westcott
Williamsburg, A. J. Beninato & Sons

### WASHINGTON
Dishman, Valley Transfer & Storage
Ellensburg, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Ephrata, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Fort Lewis, Richmond Transfer & Stge. Co.
Fort Lewis, Smyth Moving & Storage Co., Inc.
Grand Coulee, Pete's Transfer
Kennewick, Richland Transfer & Storage
Oak Harbor, Oak Harbor Freight Lines
Seattle, Hunt Transfer Co.
South Bend, South Bend Transfer Co.
Spokane, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Sunnyside, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Tacoma, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Tacoma, Smyth Moving & Storage Co.
Toppenish, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Walla Walla, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Wenatchee, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.
Yakima, Consolidated Freightways, Inc.

### WEST VIRGINIA
Beckley, Perdue Transfer & Storage Co.
Bluefield, Wallace Van & Storage Co.
Charleston, English Moving & Storage Co.
Clarksburg, Carmichael Moving & Stge. Co.
Elkins, Hogan's Transfer & Storage
Grafton, Greene's Transfer
Huntington, Myers Transfer & Storage, Inc.
Logan, DeHaven's Transfer & Storage
Logan, Logan Goodyear Storage, Inc.
Martinsburg, Beavers Transfer
Mullens, Goode Transfer Co.
Parkersburg, Hannan Transfer
Wheeling, Edward Wagner Storage Co.

### WISCONSIN
Appleton, Harry H. Long
Ashland, H. J. Fromholz & Son
Baraboo, W. C. Fullmer Transfer Co.
Beloit, Bruner Transfer & Storage
Clintonville, De Vaud Cartage
Colby, Colby Transfer
Delavan, Welch Transfer & Storage
Eau Claire, Schumacher Motor Express, Inc.
Green Bay, Nowak Trucking
Janesville, J & W Transfer & Storage Co.
La Crosse, Terminal Express Transfer
Madison, Capitol City Truck Line, Inc.
Madison, Koerth Transfer
Madison, Roy's Transfer Service
Manitowoc, Wetenkamp's Transfer Service
Menomonie, Brunn Transfer Co.

### WISCONSIN (continued)
Milwaukee, Irving A. Kirsch
Oshkosh, A. E. Buck & Son
Portage, Zinke Dray Line
Rhinelander, Sweo Transfer Co.
Rice Lake, Ted Owens & Son
Sheboygan, Chair City Motor Express Co.
Stevens Point, Standard Service Transfer
Watertown, Freitag Movers
Wausau, All-States Furniture Movers
Wauwatosa, West Town Furniture & Stge. Co.

### WYOMING
Casper, Zephyr Transfer & Storage
Cheyenne, Burke Moving & Storage
Cody, King Transfer & Storage
Laramie (Call Collect—Burke Moving & Storage, Cheyenne, Wyoming).
Rawlins, Carbon County Motor Co.
Sheridan, Merchants Transfer & Storage Co.

### CANADA
ALBERTA
Calgary, MacCosham Storage & Distributing Co. (Calgary), Ltd.
BRITISH COLUMBIA
Nelson, West Transfer Co.
MANITOBA
Winnipeg, Star Storage, Limited
NOVA SCOTIA
Halifax, Hoyt's Moving & Storage, Limited
ONTARIO
Belleville, F. Lapalm, Limited
Brockville, Capt. W. L. Snider & Sons
Chatham, C. Tomlinson
Fort Erie, Bird's Transfer
Fort William, Superior Cartage (Lakehead) Limited
Hamilton, North American Van Lines, Inc.
Hamilton, Stan Rowe the Mover
Kitchener, T. P. Berg, the Mover
St. Catherines, Bird's Transfer
Sudbury, McKenzie Van Service, Limited
Toronto, Dow The Mover Limited
Toronto, J. T. Middup & Son
Toronto, M. J. Campbell, Limited
Welland, Smith the Mover
Windsor, Charles Hinton & Co., Limited
QUEBEC
Montreal, Westmount Moving & Whse., Ltd.


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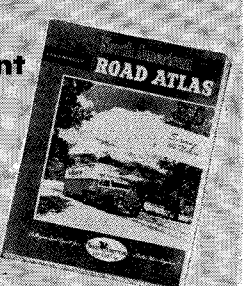


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National Headquarters: Fort Wayne, Indiana

**LONG DISTANCE MOVING ORGANIZATION**




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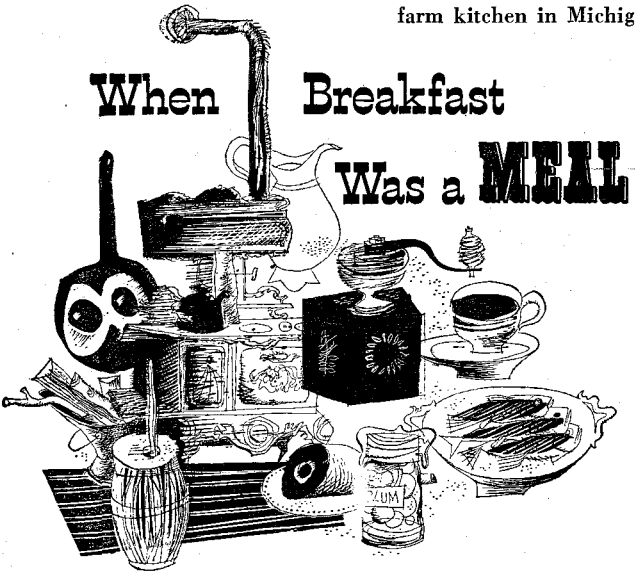
Nostalgic memories from an old-fashioned farm kitchen in Michigan

# When Breakfast Was a MEAL!



*by* DELLA T. LUTES

"JUMPING CHRISTOPHER!" I heard my father say. "What do you mean by setting this stuff down in front of me? Where's *breakfast?*"

I do not remember what it was that provoked this outburst, but it must have been something light, like the toast and coffee which has become a popular breakfast today with all too many Americans.

My father came to breakfast after a preliminary hour's wrestling with chores, and he went from the table to a day's work in which Michigan fields had to be ploughed, seed sown, hay cut, grain reaped, corn husked. To men like him, breakfast meant meat and potatoes—the chief staples around which the meal revolved.

Meat usually meant pork in one form or another, commonly salted. But always there were potatoes. Sometimes they were boiled, with an accompaniment of milk gravy or creamed codfish; again they were sliced and crisply fried; or they might be baked, with pink slices of ham and gravy.

In cooking ham for breakfast, my mother sliced it about one-fourth of an inch thick and freshened it in cold water brought to warm on the back of the stove. It was then drained and wiped dry. In its own firm border of fat, it was fried slowly to sweet perfection, and then removed to a hot platter. The remaining fat was allowed to reach a smoking heat and into this my mother sifted flour to a bubbling paste, stirring while it seethed and browned.

When enough flour was added to absorb the fat, warmed milk was stirred in gradually to make a gravy



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*{Illustrations from 'Honor Caddy'}*

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having the consistency of heavy cream. It was then salted and peppered to taste.

My father liked eggs for breakfast—two or three, at least—and he wanted them fried or boiled. Few women can fry an egg as my mother could. Her technique was perfect, and the result was no leathery mass of frizzled white and broken yolk, but an intact globule of filmed yellow, set in a circle of delicately congealed albumen.

She fried eggs in the fat from bacon or ham, whichever happened to be in use. This fat was made hot—sizzling but never smoking; if it was too hot, it was drawn to the back of the stove until there was no danger of browning the thin edge of the white before the yolk was cooked.

Each egg was broken gently into the sizzling fat, and never were so many introduced into the pan at one time that their edges mingled. Then my mother stood by, spooning the hot fat over them until the yolks presented an opaque appearance and the whites were coagulated but not hardened.

They were then, at the exact moment of perfection, taken from the skillet with a pancake turner and laid on a warm platter, along with the ham, rosily tender and faintly browned, or bacon, done to a curl but never to a crisp.

Salt mackerel was another of my father's favorite dishes. It came in a "kit" or small wooden pail and smelled to heaven when it was opened. For breakfast a fish was washed, scraped on the inside, put in cold water the night before, and set on the back of the stove (in which there would be no fire) to freshen. In the morning the water was changed and the frying pan ("spider," we called it) brought forward to heat slowly.

When everything else was ready to serve, the water was drained off and the fish allowed to pan-broil for about ten minutes. Transferred to a platter and dotted with butter, it made a most palatable accompaniment to boiled potatoes.

Fried mush came along in the fall, after the first harvest of winter corn and before the pancake season set in. Fried mush for breakfast followed a preceding supper of mush and milk. My mother made her mush by sifting yellow corn meal, fresh from the mill, into an iron kettle of boiling salted water; with one hand she sifted the meal while with the other she stirred it with a wooden spoon. It was then drawn to the back of the stove to bubble and sputter for an hour or longer.

Whatever mush was left over after supper was packed into a greased bread tin. In the morning, this was sliced and fried in hot fat, and eaten with butter and syrup.

Frequently there were hot breads—usually sour-milk biscuits, since sour milk and sour cream were always on hand. For Sunday breakfast, nothing could be better than popovers. And then, of course, there was johnnycake. But always, month in and month out, fried cakes were as much a part of the first meal of the day as coffee. I think my father would have considered it a personal affront to ask him to make a breakfast without fried cakes.

IN WINTER, breakfast took on new meaning, for then the fried mush, johnnycake, or ordinary bread gave way to buckwheat cakes. There were



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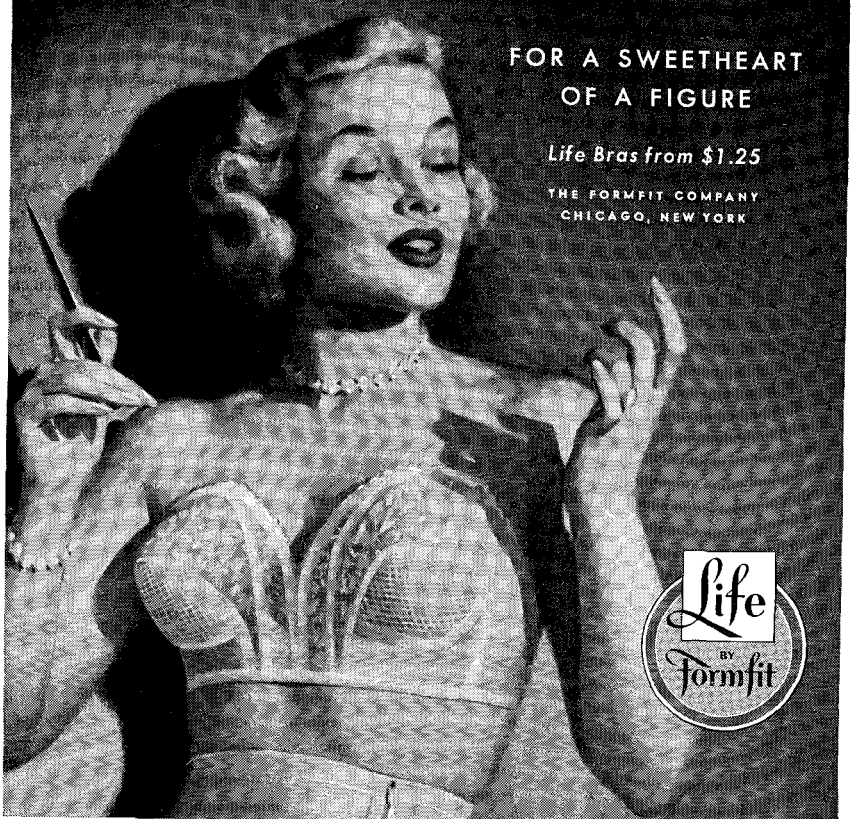

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differences in taste regarding the lacing of these cakes. Some insisted that the only proper sauce was butter; others preferred sugar and thick cream; still others liked to pour over their cakes the hot brown fat from fried ham or pork. If maple syrup could be had, so much the better.

Sausage was a frequent accompaniment of buckwheat cakes. Its odor and flavor still haunt me, proof that some mysterious ingredient in its making has been lost to mankind. As I pondered this culinary conundrum, the answer suddenly came to me. It was the sage. The whole secret lay in the sage.

We grew our own in a neat little row along the edge of the garden, picked and dried it, then crumbled it—aromatic, fresh, and pungent—into the meat.

My pleasantest memory of childhood is of breakfast in a nice warm kitchen on a cold morning, with my little glass mug of milk (it had "A Good Girl" printed on it in gold), a huge slice of bread all buttered at once (there was not a single book of etiquette in our community), some little pancakes cooked just for me, and my eye on the cookie plate.

And we lived and throve. I think we should have been the better for more fruit, less fried food. On the other hand, we were husky urchins living mostly out of doors, breathing fresh air night and day. Those old enough to go to school had often to fight their way through drift and sleet for a mile or more, exercise quite likely to aid in the assimilation of any amount of breakfast fuel.

On a winter's day we were never sent off to school or play on a sketchy meal, as children often are now. If to eat a hearty breakfast meant getting up at 6 o'clock or before, we got up and ate with the family, and went out sustained by both good cheer and good food. No wonder I look back with fondness on those far-off days—when breakfast was indeed a meal!

## On the Home Front

TWO FRIENDS met who had not seen each other for several years and after the usual expressions of surprise and pleasure had been exchanged, one of them asked: "And who are you working for now?"

"Same people," was the cheery response, "wife and five children."

—EDMONTON *Journal*

THE YOUNG WIFE had listened, with wide-eyed attention, as her husband explained the intricacies of banking and economics.

"It's just wonderful, darling," she breathed, "that anybody could know as much as you do about money without ever having any."

—*Woodmen of the World Magazine*

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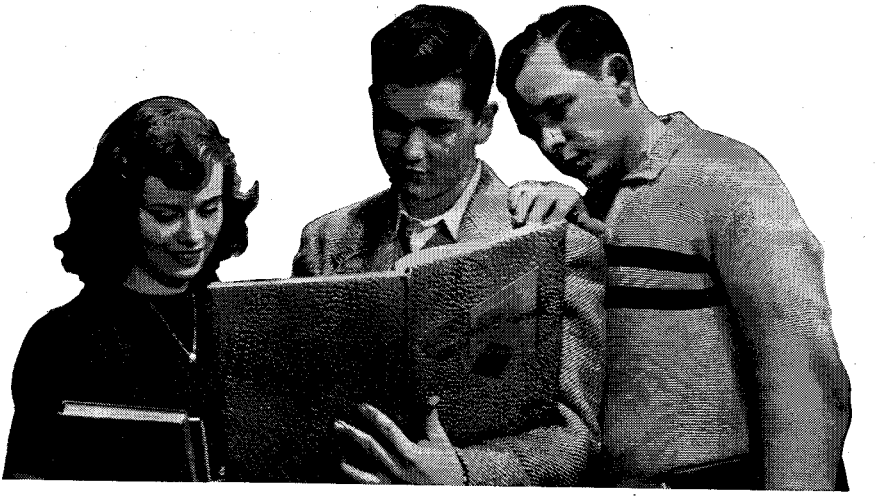

# "What's the Good of High School, Anyway?"

To give millions of high school students who ask this question a direct answer, Coronet Films has just produced *High School: Your Challenge.* This 16mm sound motion picture shows the high school student why he should finish school . . . how his education *today* will help him *tomorrow.*

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# She's dialing California from Englewood, N. J.

An entirely new kind of Long Distance service is now being tried in Englewood, New Jersey.

Ten thousand telephone customers in that town now dial their own calls to certain distant points.

It's easy to do and faster. Just by dialing two or three more digits than on a local call, they can reach any one of eleven million telephones in and around twelve cities from coast to coast.

This new way of putting through Long Distance calls is another example of the way Bell System people are constantly planning and building to provide you with better telephone service.

First comes the idea. Next the inventing, manufacturing and trial in actual use. Then, as soon as possible, the extension of the improved service to more and more people.

**HELPFUL HINT**—*Keep a list of Long Distance numbers handy beside your telephone. Out-of-town calls go through faster when you Call By Number.* **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

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# The Magic Audience

EVERY BROADWAY booking agent had told the young performer the same thing: "Your act is all right for a parlor, but not for the stage!"

The actor *knew* they were wrong. "But how can I prove it?" he asked his manager. "Of course, my act falls flat in front of one man. I need an entire audience to get the right response."

"It looks like we're stumped," the manager said.

It did indeed, but the actor refused to accept that. Somehow, somewhere, he would find an audience! But how? He was virtually impoverished. Back at his cheap hotel room, he found he was down to his last 80 cents. Unless he got a job soon, he'd have to return to the carnival life he had left recently with hopes of a Big-Time career.

His telephone rang. "I've got another audition for you," his manager said. "It's for tomorrow at ten at the New York Roof."

"I'll be there," the actor said. When he hung up, he added to himself: "For what? Nothing will happen." And it wouldn't. Unless . . . Impulsively he grabbed his hat and hurried to a nearby newspaper office.

Next morning, when the agent arrived for the audition, he found the room packed with men. Onstage the young actor performed. Every gesture brought cheers and laughs from the crowd. Amazed, the agent hurried to the platform and told the actor to come to his office immediately.

Later, as they signed contracts, his puzzled manager demanded an explanation. The actor showed him the help-wanted column of the morning paper with this ad:

"Wanted: 1000 men to work one hour for $1 each. Apply 10:00 Monday at the New York Roof."

He explained: "When they showed up, I just said that I was supposed to entertain them until the boss arrived. They loved it."

Thus, an 80-cent ad for a "hired" audience launched the brilliant sleight-of-hand career of Howard Thurston, the Master Magician!

—GLENN D. KITTLER

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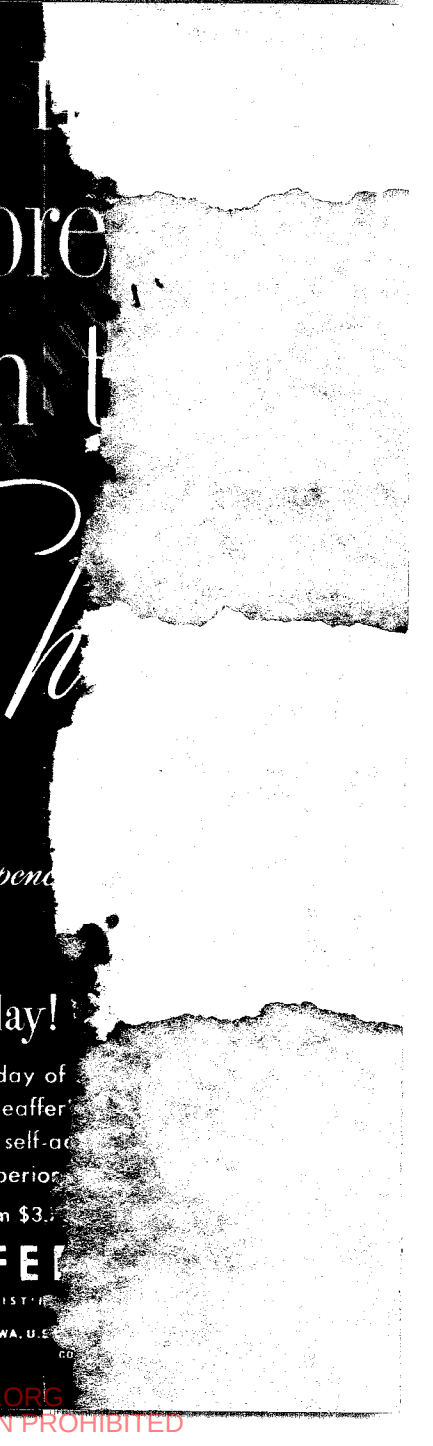


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